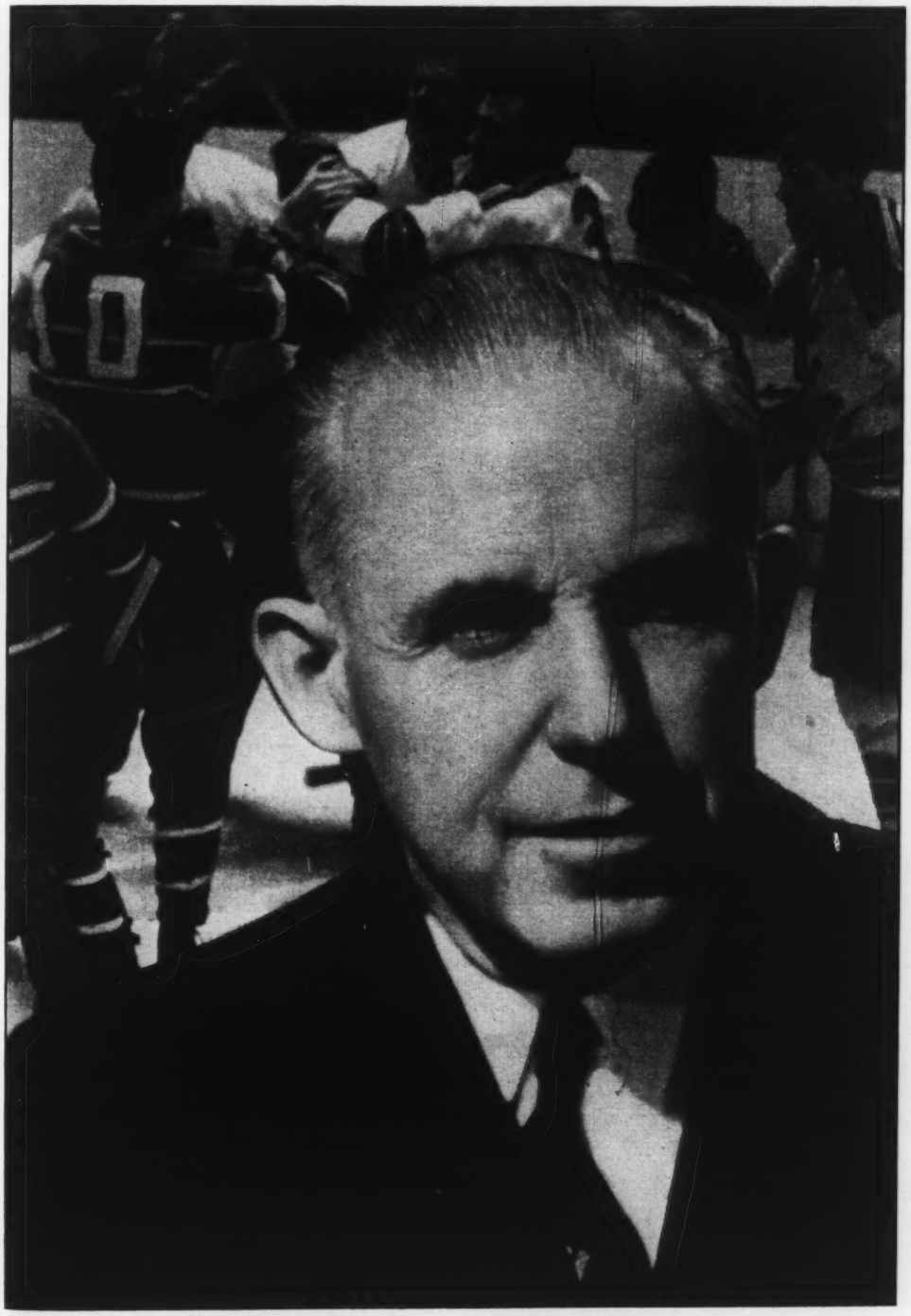
Saturday Night

OCTOBER 29TH 1955 TEN CENTS



Clarence Campbell: Calm in an area of turbulence (Page 15).

The Front Page

THE UN is not supposed to meddle in the internal affairs of a sovereign nation. It says so in the UN Charter. But repeated efforts have been made in the General Assembly to force the UN to take sides in the domestic squabbles of member states. The effect of such efforts, if not the intention, is to turn the organization into something it is not and was never intended to be, a World Government.

This was the issue that provoked France into staging a walkout at the Assembly earlier this month. The Arab-Asian block of 14 nations, boiling with anti-colonial fervor, pushed through a motion to debate the conduct of France in Algeria; the hypocritical support of the Communist group and the less questionable help of a half dozen Latin American countries was just enough to carry the motion, 28 to 27. France's foreign minister, Antoine Pinay, could hardly control his anger as he told the delegates, "Twice I have warned the Assembly of the consequences of a violation of the Charter . . . My government will consider null and void any recommendation which the Assembly might make in this connection." In French eyes, of course, Algeria is not a colony or a protectorate. It has been administered as part of France itself for more than a century.

There is much that is shameful in the way the French have handled things in North Africa. Morally, they can be condemned. But legally, the Assembly

Should NATO Troops Return ?
by Leslie Roberts: Page 7

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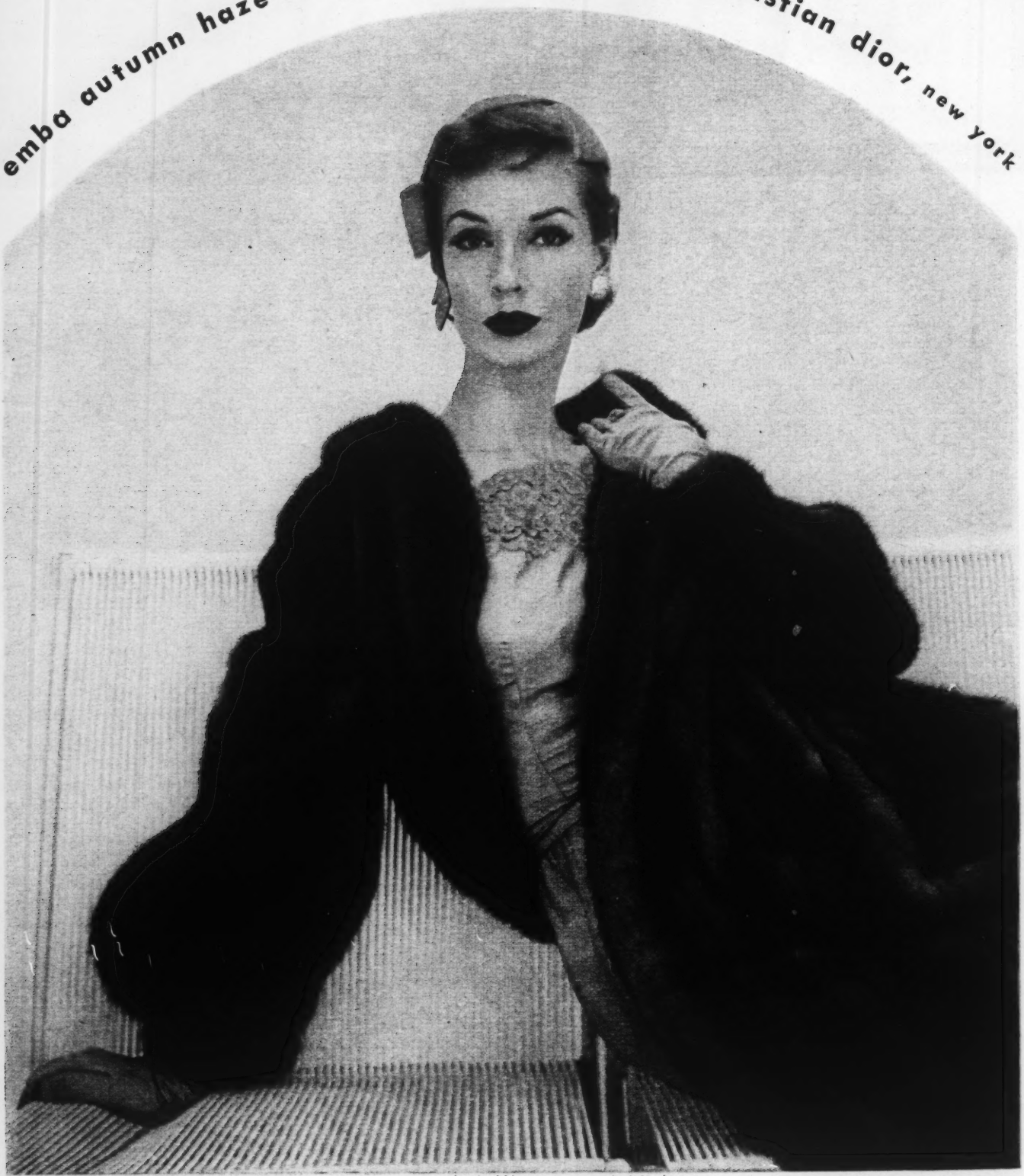

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has no right to interfere; Algeria, being part of France, is none of its business. If it were, the Assembly could with equal justice debate the treatment of Negroes in the United States and South Africa, or of Indians and Eskimos in Canada. In other words, the Assembly would have the scope of a World Parliament.

With its present method of representation, the Assembly makes a fine forum but comes nowhere near being a parliament. Liberia, for example, has as much voting power as the United Kingdom, Yemen as the United States.

The structure of the UN is grievously weakened when the Assembly tries to act like a World Government. The free nations of the West, whose faith and confidence in the ultimate efficiency of the UN are its chief support, are not yet ready to yield more than a token portion of sovereignty to any supra-national organization. The UN cannot afford any corrosion of that faith and confidence. Many observers, thinking about the Assembly's lack of real executive power, may disagree and argue that it is not at all a grave and urgent matter when the Charter is not followed to the letter. But violations of rules, when approved, become precedents, and changes become fixed not so much by reasoned consent as by custom. If the Charter is to be revised (and it's doubtful if the UN at the present time would survive any substantial revision), it must be done with careful thought, not with emotion or by whim.

Signs of the Times

SUBURBIA'S latest social kick seems to be the parading of problem-children. We offer two bits of evidence. Overheard at a Parent-Teacher meeting: "You've never had to take your boy to a psychiatrist? How extraordinary. Are you quite sure he isn't terribly repressed?" Then the statement of a neighbor's teen-aged daughter to a friend of ours: "I really don't like kicking up a fuss around the house, but mother gets such a kick worrying about it that I haven't got the heart to stop. I've heard her talking—being normal is just too utterly common, you know."

Socialist Soft-pedal

DELEGATES to the 15th—and final—annual convention of the Canadian Congress of Labor this month cheered as they gave overwhelming approval to the merger of their organization with the Trades and Labor Congress. That was the climax of their gathering, but in the preceding days they had made it clear that they will take with them into the united Canadian Labor Congress an unabated determination to tie organized labor in Canada to one political party, the CCF. The policy of

Claude Jodoin: Master in the house.

the TLC, of course, has been to stay away from political affiliations ("labor must be master in its own house"). The aggressiveness with which the erstwhile CCL leaders pursue their political ambitions will undoubtedly be the deciding factor in the success or failure of the new Congress.

There is probably an unwritten agreement that the political issue will not be raised at next April's founding convention of the Canadian Labor Congress. Certainly the men running this month's CCL gathering did not want to go on record with any extreme expression of loyalty to Canadian Socialism. A brief resolution noting that the CCL "reaffirms its support of the CCF as the political arm of labor" was rushed through by the retiring president, A. R. Mosher, and attempts to debate (and possibly strengthen) it were squelched. Mr. Mosher also declared that he had been "grossly misinterpreted" in a newspaper report that had him saying

A. R. Mosher: "Grossly misinterpreted".

flatly that the CIO unions would work actively to push the new Labor Congress into the arms of the CCF. But while he made no direct statement of this sort, he did suggest that the unions become more active in the political sphere—and since most CCL leaders are avowed Socialists, it is obvious what kind of activity is meant.

The CIO-CCL unionists, then, will probably keep a curb on their political aspirations during the early months of the CLC's existence. Claude Jodoin, president of the TLC, will head the Canadian Labor Congress and it was he who only last May made the emphatic declaration about labor being master in its own house. A year earlier, his predecessor, Percy Bengough, had said: "My advice is to stay with the purposes of the trade union movement and avoid becoming the tail on any political kite". The TLC position is firm. That of the CCL is, for the present, flexible.

It takes little imagination, however, to see what is going to happen. The CIO unionists, an aggressive and restless lot, will not be content to accept the more conservative leadership of the AFL group. They will work with grim energy to recast the Canadian Labor Congress in the shape of the CCL or the British Trade Union Congress. Whether they succeed or not, the unity of organized labor will be under tremendous strain.

Statement of Fact

EXACTLY what Air Commodore Fred Carpenter, Chief of Air Operations, told reporters on his return to Canada from a tour of RCAF bases in Europe has been pretty well lost in the subsequent flood of denials, corrections and apologies. But one quotation (correctly reported or not) is worth remembering: "Our position is to make the Russians know we can knock hell out of them". Not diplomatic, perhaps, but a terse, forceful statement of fact. That is precisely the reason for the RCAF's being in Europe, the reason for such an organization as NATO. And we should not forget it until the reason has disappeared.

External Affairs Minister Pearson was getting along quite cosily with the Russian leaders in Moscow when the Soviet news agency Tass carried a purple report on what Air Commodore Carpenter was supposed to have said. The Russians got stuffy, and Mr. Pearson was "acutely embarrassed". But then Tass admitted it had wrongly translated the cable from its Ottawa correspondent and everything was sweetness and light again. Before he left Moscow, however, Mr. Pearson apparently had a blunt talk with the Russians about NATO, and tried to make it clear to them that NATO was a defensive organization that could not be broken up until there was no need for defence.

If Mr. Pearson had any success in persuading the Russians that NATO existed

Prime Minister St. Laurent and the provincial Premiers smile for photographers.

The Front Page continued

to stop an attack, not launch one, it was not because he managed to convince them that it was an economic and cultural rather than a military alliance. Yet in Canada there seems to be a growing impression that the military aspects of NATO are only incidental; and people made fuzzy by the "spirit of Geneva" are suggesting that it's not good form to talk about being nasty to the Russians when they're being so nice to us—for a change. But the RCAF is in Europe not to soak up culture or bring prosperity to the local shopkeepers; it's there "to make the Russians know we can knock hell out of them" if they start something. All the Russians have to do is convince us (by moving back to their own borders, say) that they do not intend to start something.

More Puppets?

THE NEWS Bulletin put out by the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa soberly reports that "After the visit to the Central Puppet Theatre (in Moscow), Mr. Pearson said he wants to organize a puppet theatre in Canada and on his return will discuss the question with other Canadian Government members". Canadians will wonder what Mr. Pearson wants with another puppet show when he and his colleagues in the Liberal Government already have a pretty good one running back of them at each session of Parliament.

Start of an Agreement

DEBATE over the success or failure of this month's Dominion-provincial Conference started before the provincial premiers had left Ottawa and went on long after they had settled down in their own offices to study the complications of formulas for the sharing of taxes. "Fiasco," growled British Columbia's Premier Bennett. "Encouraging progress," murmured official Ottawa. But it was premature to call it either a success or a failure; it was simply a necessary preliminary to months of negotiation that will result, some time in 1957, in the signing of new tax agreements between the Provinces and the Federal Government.

Agreement there will be. Although there appeared to be, at the start of the conference, an unbridgeable gap between what the Provinces wanted and what the Federal Government was prepared to give, few of the provincial negotiators would be willing to stake their political futures on a return to the old system of double taxation. As the gathering dispersed, there was no certainty about the form the agreement would take, but there was considerable evidence of probability. Prime Minister St. Laurent wants a plan that will end or greatly diminish the financial isolation of Quebec, both for the sake of national unity and for his own prestige in his native province. Finance Minister Harris just as earnestly wants a plan that will not bring about higher taxes. The Provinces want more money, but they would rather get it from the Federal treasury than take it straight from their own constituents.

Out of all this comes dissatisfaction with the present tax rental agreements and the prize exhibit of the Federal Government, Plan C. Nobody but Mr. St. Laurent seemed to like Plan C. It would allow the Provinces to go back into the income, corporation and inheritance tax fields, taking 10 per cent of the first, 8½ per cent of the second and 50 per cent of the third, with the Federal Government doing the whole job of collection; in addition, the Provinces would get "equalization" grants based on the per capita yield of these taxes in the wealthiest provinces. Some of Mr. St. Laurent's colleagues dislike the Plan because it concedes too much or too little to Quebec. The poorer Provinces thought it might be a poor substitute for the tax rentals. Richer Provinces (particularly Ontario) feared they might be carrying too much of the national load. Nevertheless, the probability is that the ultimate agreement will grow out of Plan C, because it meets most of the requirements of such a division of revenue—recognition of national needs, of the principle of sharing between the haves and the have-nots, and of provincial claims of autonomy.

A Boost for Books

THERE was quite a to-do in Ontario the other day when a John W. Cook, a former reeve of Flesherton, suddenly discovered that the town's high school students were being depraved by the obscene, un-Christian and subversive books he found in the public library. He demanded that a sort of community censorship be imposed to guard the moral and intellectual purity of the younger generation. He did not have much success in Flesherton and he was damned and derided by newspaper writers all across the province. He also managed to stir up a lot of interest in the books he mentioned; people went scurrying to libraries and book shops to find out what all the fuss was about. Mr. Cook was wrong on every count, of course—but if there were a few more Mr. Cooks around to go snuffling for literary dirt, it's a good bet that more books would be bought and read. The publishers should give some thought to the subsidizing of a Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Unofficial Censors.

Record Crop

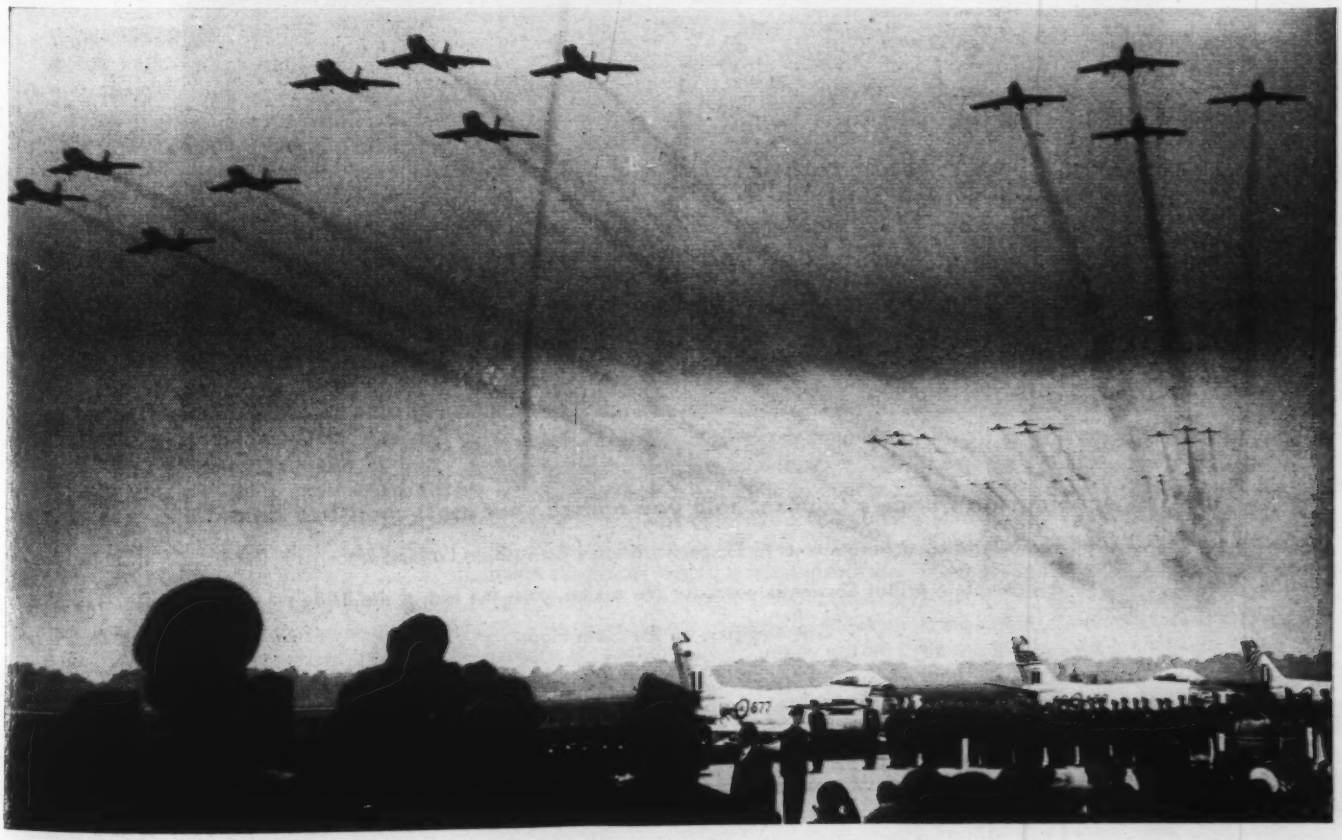
IMMIGRATION Minister Pickersgill, who earlier this year made a plea for more Canadian babies, must have burbled with joy when he saw the report on 1954's birth rate issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics a couple of weeks ago. "A record 435,142 births were registered in Canada in 1954," the report said, "18,317 or 4.4 per cent higher than the previous record of 416,825 in 1953 . . . The national birth rate at 28.7 per 1,000 population, was the third highest on record since national vital statistics have been compiled (1921); it has risen steadily for the fifth consecutive year from 27.1 in 1950 . . ." These figures will undoubtedly be used to prove that Canada needs fewer and fewer immigrants, but it would be folly to forget that last year's crop of babies will not be self-sustaining workers until some time in the 1970s. Until then, they will be consumers but not producers —mouths to be fed, bodies to be clothed and minds to be schooled, but not hands and brains to work.

Canadian Centurion tanks and infantry on exercises in Germany. Inspecting generals gave full marks.

The Forgotten Canadians: NATO Forces

SINCE 1951 our soldiers and airmen have been serving in Europe where they are regarded by the Supreme NATO Command as one of the finest components of the NATO forces. In Canada, however, they are the "forgotten men", heard about only when things go wrong. The careful performance of their essential but routine duties, or the way their families have adapted themselves to life abroad, has little news value here. Should they be brought home to man the military installations in this country now staffed by the armed services of the U.S.? See Page 7.

LEFT: *Young Canada in Europe.* BELOW: *Canadian Sabre-jet fighters stage a fly-past.*



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Should We Bring Our NATO Troops Home?

by Leslie Roberts

EARLY in the autumn, General Alfred Gruenther, NATO Supreme Commander, visited the First Canadian Infantry Brigade at Soest in Germany to say good-bye. The First was soon to leave for home and be replaced by the Second Brigade from Edmonton. At the end of his visit, General Gruenther said to a press conference: "If every unit in NATO was like this one, NATO would have no problems".

The general could have said the same thing about the Air Division we maintain on the Franco-German border, with headquarters at Metz and operational fields at Merville and Gros Tenquin in France and Zweibrucken and Baden-Baden on the German side of the boundary. The common phrase among our uniformed allies in Europe is that the Canadians are "the hottest flying outfit in NATO".

Gen. Gruenther visits Canadian Forces.

Nevertheless, we might as well bring the Air Division home and instead of carrying out the brigade rotation, simply sail the First back to Canada and call off our part in NATO.

There are two reasons for this statement. The first is that the Canadian people don't give a hoot about the thousands of their compatriots who are manning the NATO line overseas. They are Canada's forgotten citizens. The second is that to build huge military installations on Canadian soil to be manned by the armed forces of the United States, while we spread our military buckshot over the map of Europe, makes no sense.

The previous statement is not written in criticism of the United States, which is only taking on duties in Canada which our government is willing to surrender. It is criticism of our own government, and its casual attitude to Canadian sovereignty. The day is not far off when members of the western alliance will have to surrender pieces of their sovereignty to each other. But until such time as the United States is prepared to participate, it is our government's role to guard Canada's jealously. And this, Ottawa is not doing.

But first, about the Canadian people and the armed forces overseas.

To say that the attitude to NATO and our participation in the defence of Europe is negative would be incorrect. There is no attitude of any kind, negative or positive. At a cocktail party the other day, a fellow-guest who is among the best-informed men in Montreal in politics, the arts, current events and most of the subjects intelligent people like to discuss said: "I'd completely forgotten that we have troops over there. I never hear anything about them." A fortnight's study of six leading Canadian newspapers revealed not a line about either Army or Air Force in Europe, excepting strange titbits sent out by Public Relations officers, which conveyed such important information as the fact that Corporal Jonas Smidge, of 1184 Whosis Street, Calgary, raises Siamese cats as a soldierly sideline.

In Christian charity it must be said that Canadians are intrinsically a civilian-minded people, which makes us far more interested in an attempted rape on Jarvis Street, or Mayor Drapeau's amusing attack on sin in Montreal, than we are in what is happening to ten thousand young Canadians and their families who are living thousands of miles from home. Most of us think of an Army or an Air Force as something to be joined when a war starts and to get out of as quickly as possible as soon as the shooting stops.

Now, for the first time in our history, we are soldiering abroad as a component of what is actually an occupation force. The role is clearly foreign to our national thinking. So we just don't think about it.

If it is true—and it is said often enough—that the public can be persuaded to any line of thinking by a cleverly designed public relations program (certainly no compliment to the public intelligence), then the people who operate Canada's channels of communication merit severe criticism.

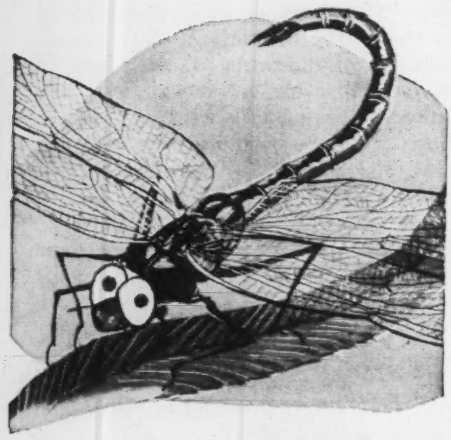
The Americans and the British, in their varying ways, keep the channels open. In the U.S., national TV programs repeatedly produce their shows from the decks of battleships and from Army and Air Force bases. The troops are in the news around the clock. The British do it more quietly. Centuries of regimental tradition and all the accompanying ceremonial keep the Army in the public eye. The great air shows at Farnborough are front page features. The Navy's activities are news. But in Canada, *rien du tout.*

The easiest solution, of course, is to put the blame on the government, and specifically on the ministry of National Defence and its public relations officers. But you can't blame the PROs. Virtually all of them wear the uniform and are bound by the rules of the services, which limit their freedom to report. Many toil for commanding officers who not only do not know much about the press, but cordially dislike and fear it. When you look into the problem more closely, however, you discover that the whole communications procedure is bound by government policy, which in turn is bound by politics and by what appears to be the national point of view.

That point of view says the Canadian government must never do anything to "sell" what it is doing in our behalf. When a department occasionally says something which seems to reflect pride in its achievements, the Opposition hurries to declaim with heat, but no light, that the Liberals are trying to take credit for something the nation as a whole has done. Newspapers editorialize on the theme. Columnists expatiate. A minor eruption ensues.

From this a policy has emerged. It is to provide the facilities for finding out to the people who seek them, to assist a writer with background material, to welcome him when he stops by to see for himself what is happening, but never to make a statement that is anything but innocuous.

The press, with rare exceptions, has taken the view that the daily activities of our NATO force is not news. No press service maintains a permanent correspondent at Soest or Metz. Few newspapers even send reporters to take an occasional look. The CBC has never produced a decent TV documentary on what should be the liveliest subject in the country. Apparently the National Film Board hasn't heard that our NATO force has been in Europe since November, 1951. If their assumption of public lack of interest is true, then the nation's communicators are *following* public opinion, and making no at-



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tempt to *guide* it by informing.

As to the statement that it is nonsensical to maintain armed forces abroad while Americans man the defences of Canada, let us have no misunderstanding. I do not want to see Canada out of NATO. As a sentimental Canadian I am warmly proud of what we have done. But I also believe that all continental defence establishments on this soil should be manned by Canadians to the limit of our ability, because it is our job and the only way in which we can maintain equality of status with our neighbors.

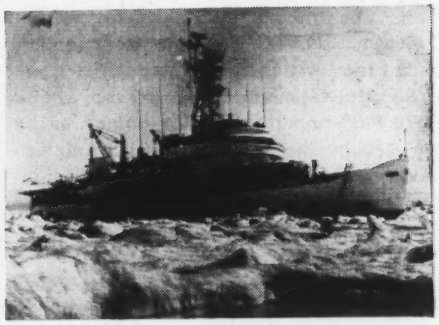
Consider one defence project with which the writer is familiar—the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line of radar outposts which is being strung across the Arctic from coast to coast. The United States is paying for it and, if the present deal is adhered to, will man it.

There is nothing wrong with Uncle Sam footing the bill. Taxpayer for taxpayer, Canadians are spending far more than their neighbors on the more southerly Mid-Canada and Pine Tree Lines—$170 million on the former, while the Americans are spending $250 million on the DEW Line. Moreover, the DEW is for the defence of the United States in even greater degree than for Canada's, because the concentrations of industry and population are so much greater south of the border. But the manning is something else. As it will involve no great number of men, there is no reason why Canadians should not undertake it. The only explanation the writer has heard is that the Americans said they'd like to do it and Ottawa said that would be just fine.

The men in the capital made a proud to-do about the fact that Canadian construction firms would do the building of the posts, and Canadian bush-fliers the air-freighting work, where possible. That it would give employment to a considerable number of Canadians, including Eskimos, during the construction period is supposed to be another feather in Ottawa's cap, though all this does is to follow the established NATO pattern in Europe.

Certainly Canadians had no cause for complaint about the deportment of United States service people who were in the far north during the big air lift which operated until the Arctic break-up at the end of May. They were co-operative and there was no throwing around of weight.

Even so, strange things happen. One is that Washington, not Ottawa, is the source of DEW Line news, which may well suggest to citizens of, say, Kansas City, that Uncle Sam has taken over the Canadian Arctic. Much worse is the fact that Canadians must read about what is afoot in their own country under Washington date lines. Some of the things which are said by the Pentagon brass read like nonsense to a Canadian, particularly if he happens to know the Arctic. When the 126-ship sea lift was completed



HMCS Labrador: *Canadian ships and men do more than "also serve".*

recently, U.S. Vice-Admiral F.S. Denebrink announced that for the first time in history the Northwest Passage had been used to move men and supplies. What the admiral didn't bother to point out is that the RCMP's *St. Roch* pioneered the Passage, and has steamed through it both ways, eastbound in 1940, westbound in 1944. And the same release noted that "Ships of the Royal Canadian Navy also served" with the sea-lift, which implies a second-class role and makes no mention of the contribution of such people as Captain Robertson of HMCS *Labrador*, one of the western world's leading Arctic authorities, without whose knowledge and aid the job could never have been done.

Consider "security", a word which has come to occupy a place of honor amongst the clichés. Security on the soil of Canada is a matter for Canadian judgment and decision. It is nobody else's concern. Nevertheless, there is a deal between Ottawa and the Pentagon under which men in Washington are making Canadian security decisions. It came about as a matter of convenience between opposite military numbers in the two countries. But the choice of who decides what constitutes security in this country is not a matter for any brass hat's personal convenience, however. It is a purely Canadian responsibility and a matter of Canadian principle, which clearly involves our sovereign status.

Ottawa is not purposefully "selling us over the border". It simply isn't taking the trouble to safeguard what we have and are. We are not being dragged into subservience by the United States. We are moving into it under our own steam, with our own chosen leaders at the throttle. But can much more be expected of men in a country where there is clear proof that the people don't give a damn? We have won the respect of our allies in NATO, but the men who have won it have simply disappeared from the minds of their fellow-Canadians at home, at a time when we should thrill with pride in their achievements. Until such time as that decent pride is born, we might as well get out from under our military responsibilities in Europe, as we have abandoned them at home.

by N. J. Berrill

The New Industrial Revolution

(Second of two articles.)

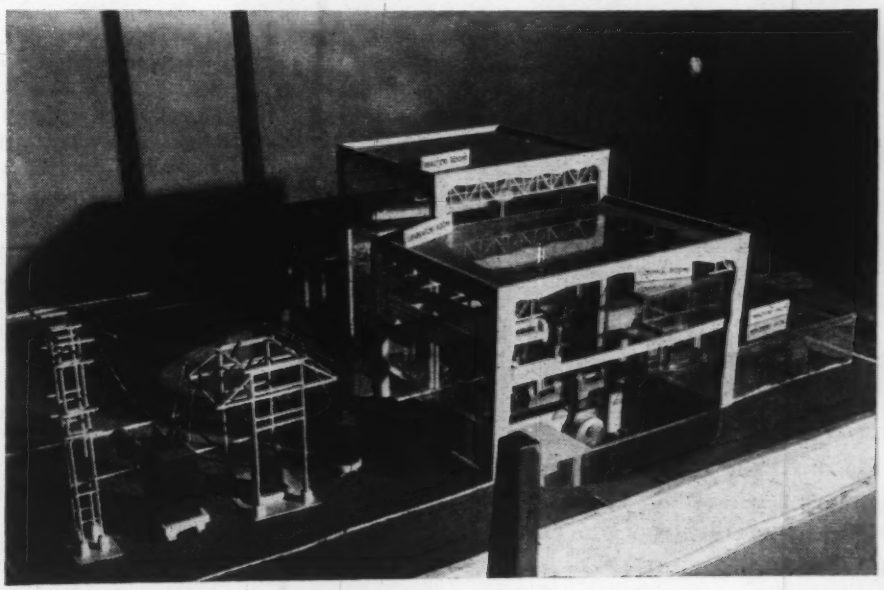
A REPORT released by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission since the Geneva Conference reveals the grim speed with which energy-producing fuels are being consumed.

Countries which will have used up all their coal before 1980 are: Austria in 1965; Denmark, 1967; Portugal, 1975; and Italy, 1978. Other countries such as Britain, as already indicated, will be producing far less than their current needs. Exploitation of hydro-electric power will have reached its peak throughout the world in less than 30 years and in many countries within the next decade. Even countries presumed to be rich in hydro-electric power, such as Sweden and Switzerland, have nearly reached the limits of expansion of this power resource. The report goes on to say that since efforts to harness solar energy directly, to harness the energy in winds and tides, and even the heat in the inner part of the earth, have not proved practical, the only hope for the future is nuclear fuel.

Atomic energy is not so much a prospect or guarantee of a higher standard of living in countries already highly industrialized as it is an insurance against a rapid deterioration when our capital of fossil fuels runs out and our income from water power can be increased no further. No matter how great a bonanza the atomic age may be for the less well developed regions of the earth, atomic energy for North America and Europe means primarily a change in the source of power rather than a substantial boon for the individual citizen. At present in Canada and the United States each individual already has approximately ten horse power of energy supporting his particular existence night and day as long as he lives, five times as much as he would have had in 1900. The shift to atomic power will be more like a transfer from a fast train drawn by a coal-burning or a diesel engine to one driven by electricity.

We should bear in mind, in fact, that atomic fuel, bombs excepted and apart from such use as we find for the radio-active by-products, is so far primarily a source of heat, and the heat is employed and will be employed mainly to operate steam-driven generators of electricity. The atomic age and a vast electrification are synonymous.

Compared with the present cost of oil and coal, nuclear power is relatively expensive. As nuclear reactors become more efficient such power will undoubtedly become cheaper and the forecast is that it will cost somewhere between the present cost of power for coal and a figure not more than twice as high. But as coal becomes scarcer and more expensive, atomic energy will become the cheaper kind, although the great expansion of electrification, necessary to permit nuclear fuels to carry the greater part of the energy load, will be tremendously costly. The atomic age may be our salvation, but we still have to work for it.



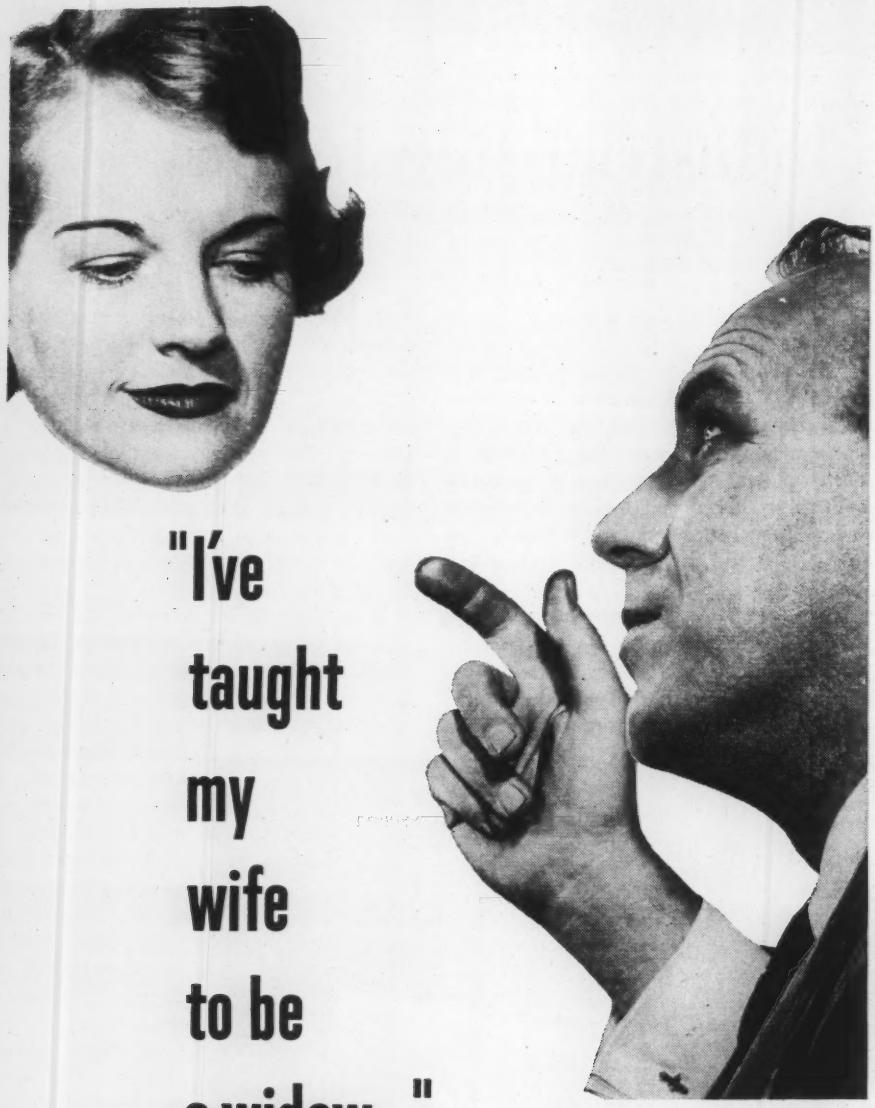
Model for Ontario Hydro's first atomic power plant.

At the Geneva conference, Dr. John Davis of the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa stated that atomic energy would reduce the present wide discrepancies in the price of electricity now existing between one Canadian power-consuming region and another, but the price would have to be reduced before it became competitive. He admitted, however, that nuclear power plants would account for no more than ten or fifteen per cent of Canada's total generating capacity in the next 25 years because of the country's abundant hydro-electric resources. The new reactor that Canada is building will cost about $49 million, will require a total of 20,000 gallons of river water a minute to carry away excess heat and will "burn" natural uranium contained in 200 rods.

It is difficult to estimate the world's reserves of uranium and thorium. A few years ago they were put at about 25 million tons of uranium and one million tons of thorium. More recent discoveries have raised these estimates considerably. In Ontario, within the 900 square miles of the Blind River area, geologists have stated that there may be uranium ores amounting to at least 150 million tons. One of the four huge mines, Algom, will alone be capable of producing more uranium than all of the 600 to 700 uranium mines in the United States together. Yet the world's soaring need for low price energy is such that there cannot be too great a supply. In any case, how long the reserves will last depends to a very great extent on how efficiently we utilize them.

Eventually we will come to an end of the nuclear fuels just as we are now approaching in the case of coal and oil, for while the supply may be great the rate at which we use it may soon become fantastic.

Fissionable fuels, whether naturally so or only after being triggered, constitute a capital account differing from that of coal and oil only in the amount available and the means by which we convert it into energy. In effect we are taking advantage of the fact that the heaviest elements are relatively unstable and with the proper kind of push are inclined to fall apart, with an extraordinary liberation of energy and with resulting fragments that are



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highly radioactive. The radioactive by-products are likely to be a liability, to say the least, no matter how ingenious we may be in our efforts to employ them usefully. Thus at the Hanford Plutonium works in the state of Washington radioactive chemicals are already escaping into the Columbia River with the water used to cool the reactors. Investigators have found small fish with radiophosphorus concentrations 100,000 times normal and swallows flying above the river with 500,000 times the normal concentration, derived from their basic foodstuffs of insects and diatoms of the river on which they had been feeding. Fissionable fuel is not only exhaustible, it is downright dangerous and we will use it only because we feel we have to.

In the atomic weapon area we have progressed, if we can use the word in such a venture, from fission to fusion bombs, from A-bombs to the Hydrogen bomb. Uranium fission is employed to start the reaction but little more than that, and the essential process is the fusion of hydrogen into helium or with some other very light element such as lithium. The fusion results in the liberation of even greater amounts of energy than does uranium or plutonium fission, and the formation of elements which are stable and not radioactive. If the hydrogen fusion process could be harnessed for the production of peacetime energy, the supplies of raw material would be virtually as inexhaustible as the oceans and the insidious threat of excessive radiation would be absent. The fission process will at least tide us over the coming fuel crisis for the next few centuries, but the great prize is the taming of fusion. The president of the Geneva Conference, Professor Bhaba of India, predicted that hydrogen fusion would be under control within twenty years. His statement, however, appears to have been based more upon faith in scientific progress than upon any definite sign of solving the problem, but at least the prediction had the merit of making Rear Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, Chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, and Sir John Cockcroft admit that both the United States and Great Britain were working on the problem.

As yet there are no results, which is not surprising. The problem is akin to harnessing the energy in a bolt of lightning, which is something else we have not succeeded in doing. The energy is there, but it is wild and at present far beyond domestication.

With energy available without limits in time or quantity, other factors such as limitation of essential minerals or even water itself will finally set a maximum size to the human population of the world. Then, with a stable population and an ever-expanding supply of energy no one can foretell what mankind may be able to accomplish.

Letter From London

Ten-pound TV: The Nation Is Safe

by Beverley Nichols

"ZERO hour is on us! Over to Guildhall!"

At a quarter past seven precisely, on the night of September 22, these words heralded a new age for Britain—a new age for commerce, and a new age, maybe, for a great many other things as well—the age of commercial television. Perhaps it was symbolic that as the words were spoken, a violent thunderstorm broke over the city, causing the pictures on some of the newly adjusted screens to flicker ominously.

It may seem odd for your correspondent to report so mundane an event in such turgid prose but — well, it was a very dramatic occasion. It was the climax of years of debate, intrigue, plot and counterplot. Feelings had risen very high about it, especially in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Broadly speaking, the Socialists were "agin it", though some of their most fiery spirits have landed fat contracts. Again, broadly speaking, the Tories were for it, trusting to big business to use its influence in the right direction.

The press was divided. The Communist *Daily Worker*, needless to say, saw in it a vast conspiracy against "the people" by their natural enemies, ignoring the fact that a forest of television masts is rising in the mining areas and all through the traditionally red districts of London's dockland. The Beaverbrook press prophesies financial disaster for the whole enterprise. On the morning of its debut *The Daily Express* published a scaring story that some of the greatest businesses in the U.S.A. were already withdrawing their advertising from American television and giving it back to the newspapers. It is not unnatural that Lord Beaverbrook should have no overwhelming desire that the venture should succeed for, as far as I am aware, he has no financial interest in it. Lord Rothermere, on the other hand, has a very considerable interest, so that his *Evening News* celebrated the occasion with a four-page supplement foretelling all manner of delights, and suggesting that anybody who did not immediately have his set converted—at a cost of about ten pounds—could hardly claim to be civilized.

Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark

After all this sound and fury, the actual entertainment that flashed across the screens, on this first night of thunder and lightning, came as something of an anticlimax. It was eminently British and almost too eminently respectable. It began with a banquet at the Guildhall, with the inevitable close-ups of the guardian gods of London, the mythical Gog and Magog. After that there was a speech by the Lord Mayor of quite exceptional dullness, which he delivered with his eyes glued to the manuscript. It has always puzzled me that men in such eminent positions cannot trouble to learn a handful of platitudes by heart.

Then things began to warm up, and as the evening progressed we gradually realized that something new and something very exciting was happening. It has gone on happening ever since.

The chairman of ITA (Independent Television Authority) is 53-year-old Sir Kenneth Clark, and he is worthy of the attention of Canadian readers because his appointment is an example of one of those exquisite compromises in which the British excel. What other country in the world would appoint to so commanding a position a man who is primarily a connoisseur of art? A disciple of Bernard Berenson, he has risen to an eminence which few European critics can challenge. Even before he became Director of the National Gallery at the age of 31, it was evident that he had one of the most highly civilized brains in Europe.

If anybody asked me to give him a symbol of modern England—with a significance extending far beyond ITA — I should take him down to a valley in Kent, and show him the ancient castle of Saltwood, which for the past two years has been Sir Kenneth's home. I should say to him: "You see that grey pile down there? Well, that is where the murder of

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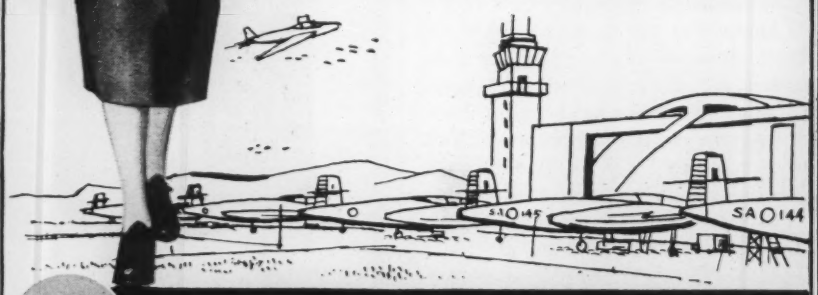

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Thomas à Becket was planned in 1170. Kindly note the TV mast on the northern ramparts. You see the crumbling outbuildings? Under one of those arches Queen Elizabeth the First drove to dine with Sir Waler Raleigh. The man wandering round them, at this moment, is chairman of ITA. Yes, that yew tree is reputed to have been planted by Richard II. And yes, I have no doubt that Sir Kenneth is fully alive to the possibilities of color TV."

The ancient and the modern, the economic and the aesthetic—it is a uniquely British brew. As unique as the interior of the castle itself, where the first thing that greets you, after you have passed through a courtyard which once echoed to the tramp of Roman soldiery, is a huge abstract painting by Graham Sutherland; and where Degas and Renoir and Tchelitchev rub shoulders with the masterpieces of ancient Greece. I do not think we need greatly fear the impact of the new TV when its direction is in such wide, such sensitive, and such searching hands.

IT HAS been a fabulous summer. Golden day has followed golden day, "in linked sweetness long drawn out". Any business connected with the open air has been coining money. The seaside landladies have never had a better season, the pockets of the men who hire out punts on the Thames are full to overflowing, and in the caravans of the gypsies on Epsom Downs there is many a secret horde of notes. (Even in these days British gypsies still mistrust the banks.)

In spite of this, the theatres have been booming. The high light of the whole season was the visit of Edwige Feuillere in *La Dame aux Camélias.* She had been heralded by the critics with such a fanfare of trumpets that it seemed impossible that she should live up to her reputation. (*The Sunday Times,* for example, stated that here was the greatest actress in the world. Sic. Not in France, not in Europe, but the world.)

When the curtain went up on an audience glittering with jewels and orders, and when she made her first radiant entrance, to a storm of applause, I held my breath. Would she do it? Five minutes later, respiration was normal. She had done it, and more. I never saw Bernhardt, but I cannot believe that Bernhardt had much more to give us than this. And though Madame Feuillere is, well, middle-aged, there is no youngster who could attempt the sensational backwards death-fall, flat on her beautiful back, with which the play comes to a close.

Afterwards there was a party for her at the French Embassy, and a very nice party too. In no other city in the world is there a residential quarter like Kensington Palace Gardens, where the Embassy is situated. It is a long leafy road that might be in the heart of the country,

though it is bounded at both ends by swarming arteries of traffic. It is called Millionaires' Row, and quite a number of millionaires still live in it. There is also the Russian Embassy, next door to the French. Whenever I go to a French party I stroll out into the garden and snoop over the garden wall in the faint hope of seeing some Russians up to something—what I can't imagine. So far no luck.

THE WORLD'S low in cruel vulgarity was reached recently in a London Sunday newspaper with a front-page story that the whole Maclean-Burgess affair was to be explained in terms of homosexuality. Maclean and Burgess, it was stated, were both sexual "perverts", and for that reason were shielded by a clique of other perverts in the Foreign Office whose twisted hands were guiding the reins of our international policy.

When I read this story a picture suddenly came into my mind — the picture of a very charming old lady, with a gentle smile and tired eyes. She was sitting on the stump of an old apple tree in my orchard, shielding her eyes from the sun. It was Lady Maclean, Donald's mother. Her other son, Alan, was staying in my house, and she had come down to spend the day with him. We had a very simple day, picking up windfalls and burning leaves, but when she left she told me that it was one of the happiest days she had had since her life had been shattered by the tragedy.

I wonder if the editor of that newspaper would have printed his story if he had met that old lady? Are there no limits to the activities of the muck-raker? He might protest that he was acting in the public interest. If so, he would proclaim himself a fool as well as a cad.

To pretend to discover a secret alliance between the physiological maladjustment of homosexuality and the philosophy of Karl Marx is to proclaim oneself ignorant of either. The motives of Maclean and Burgess were subtler and more compelling. Their flight to Moscow was a sort of inverted Pilgrim's Progress; as such the contemporary historian should treat it.

Speaking of *Pilgrim's Progress,* I am reminded that St. John's Rectory at Bedford, which figured as the Interpreter's House in Bunyan's masterpiece, is almost certain to be demolished in the next few months to make way for—of all things—a fire station.

FOOTNOTE: I collect stories about the Duke of Edinburgh. Here is one from a friend of mine who had the honor of escorting him to the tea-tent after a review of cadets at Sandhurst. An awed waitress asked him what sort of tea His Royal Highness would prefer, Indian or China? Replied the Duke, with a charming smile: "Which have you got most of?"

A small story, but endearing.

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Sports

President of Parts

by Jim Coleman

MICKEY ION, hard-bitten doyen of professional hockey referees, is reputed to have adjured a neophyte National Hockey League official in the following words: "Remember this — once you blow that whistle to start the game, you're the only sane man in the rink".

Ion was too much of an individualist to cope with the dubious sanity of the gentlemen who owned the clubs in the National Hockey League and, accordingly, he was retired to the solitude of his chicken-farm near Seattle, Washington. However, one of his more attentive acolytes was Clarence Sutherland Campbell who, for the past nine years, has been president of the NHL. Campbell is giving evidence that, once the whistle blows to open the hockey season, he is one of the few sane men in the league.

Clarence Campbell

Campbell, a firm-jawed, grey-haired man of 50, who once was given a nice, polite heave-ho by the directors of the league because he was so uncompromisingly honest in his decisions on the ice, has added stature to the presidency of the NHL. There have been only three presidents of the NHL—the late Frank Calder, a newspaperman who was drafted to head the infant National Hockey Association; Mervyn "Red" Dutton, who somewhat reluctantly deserted his own profitable contracting business to succeed Mr. Calder, and then, Campbell.

Mr. Calder, a fine and honest little man, never was given any real powers by the club-owners in the National Hockey League. However, he had the courage to assume powers. He had ideas of his own which, unfortunately, were short-circuited by his untimely death. At this juncture, into the breach stepped Red Dutton, a delightful, hot-headed extrovert from the old school of professional hockey players. Dutton, who lost two of his three sons in World War II, frequently was nauseated by the fact that clubs under his jurisdiction were accused of manipulating military deferments for their players.

Dutton stuck out the job because of his great love for professional hockey and he quit only because he felt that the Governors of the league double-crossed him, by declining to give him a franchise for a Brooklyn team when the War was over.

Dutton, who had been slow-burning for some months, presided over the Board Meeting which appointed Campbell as his assistant in August, 1946. Four days later, Dutton walked across Montreal's Dominion Square with Campbell on their way to lunch at the Windsor Hotel. They were shooing the pigeons from their path when Dutton said abruptly: "I'm resigning and I've recommended that you should be my successor".

Newspapermen and other commentators lamented the departure of Dutton but, in the ensuing nine years, they have learned to respect Campbell. For that matter, Campbell long has been a shrewd diplomat who has spoken three languages fluently: the language of the public commentators, the language of the club-owners and the language of the sports-public.

In order to appreciate Campbell, it is necessary to know something of his unusual background. He was born in Fleming, Sask., 50 years ago, and he was brought up in Edmonton in a home of some affluence. He was a Rhodes Scholar from the University of Alberta and spent three years at Oxford, where he studied law. On his return to Edmonton in 1929, he was articled to the legal firm of Wood, Buchanan and Macdonald and became a partner. Incidentally, two of his partners—Nelles V. Buchanan and Hugh John Macdonald—have since been elevated to the bench.

It was rather strange, too, that he should have become a hockey official because he had played only junior hockey in Canada and, in Europe, he had performed for Oxford in a glorified type of shinny. As a matter of fact, his first officiating job was an honorary one which was awarded him in Switzerland when the regular referee failed to appear. There was no fee but, when the game was concluded, Campbell was presented with a horseshoe of roses, a gift which had no exchange value on a mid-winter market.

Nonetheless, on his return to Edmonton, he was drafted to be a referee in the Edmonton senior league. Looking back on it, Campbell assumes that the appointment was made simply because he could skate and had been away for three years and, consequently, couldn't be accused of any connection with any of the competing clubs.

It was in that era of one-man officiating

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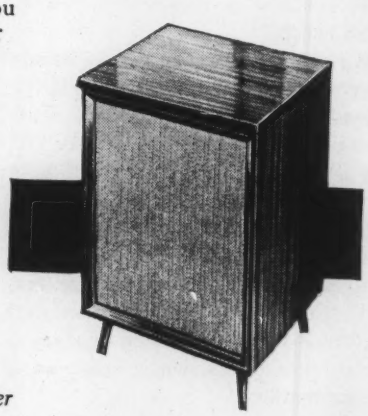

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that I first knew Campbell. The president of the NHL then was an unimpeachable hockey referee in addition to which he was the promoter of a professional baseball league and, for one season at least, was the unfortunate sole owner of the Edmonton Eskimo football team. He played for the Eskimos; took his lumps each Saturday afternoon and finished up with the football club's assets which consisted of a few tattered uniforms. With small reluctance, he donated these scraps to the budding Edmonton Athletic Club.

His association with baseball was even more unfortunate. In partnership with an ebullient Edmontonian, Henry J. Roche, he was talked into operating a professional league which embraced two Edmonton teams in addition to clubs in Wetaskiwin and Ponoka. Although he had no original stake in the venture, he was disillusioned to discover that he was expected to pay off the losses. It was fortunate for him that he had his legal business as security for the bank-loans.

In retrospect, it is illuminating that, in those Edmonton days, the newspaper reporters with whom Campbell was on the terms of greatest cordiality referred to him publicly as "The Dictator". The term was not compounded of opprobrium—they recognized Campbell as an operating official who scorned any nonsense.

Campbell went to the National Hockey League as a referee in 1936. He officiated during the winters and returned to his law practice in the shortening summers. It wasn't long before he ran afoul of the majority of club-owners—the normal fate of NHL referees in those days. The hatchet fell when the news leaked out that President Frank Calder was planning to have Campbell appointed as his assistant in charge of officials. The Western upstart was harpooned from all angles by those who had their own candidates for Calder's heir-apparency and (although even Campbell doesn't talk about it until this day) the Governors of the National Hockey League gave him the frigid clavicle.

He made two attempts to get into the Canadian Army and, on his second try, he was successful, becoming an officer in the 96th Anti-Tank Battery. Probably the best thing that happened to him was his appointment as Aide de Camp to Major General (then Brigadier) F. F. Worthington, one of the Western World's outstanding professional soldiers. Worthington was a soldier who expected his aide to be an aide in the real sense of the military word. He said to Campbell: "I don't have the time to tell you things. You must be inside my mind all the time. I haven't the time to see all these people. You must be able to tell them what I would tell them."

At the conclusion of the War, because of his legal training, Campbell was assigned to the Canadian War Crimes Investigation Unit and was associated in the prose-

cution of the Nazi general, Kurt Meyer.

In Campbell's nine years as the head of the National Hockey League, it is becoming evident that the exceptional activities of Maurice "The Rocket" Richard have caused Campbell to emerge as a president of parts.

Richard is a flaming person for whom Campbell, personally, has the greatest respect. Richard is an outstanding competitor who, more than occasionally, has blown his stack under provocation. It has been Campbell's duty, as the final arbiter in such cases, to suspend Richard for his sanguinary misdemeanors.

Every Canadian has heard of the events of last March 13 when Richard was involved in a bludgeoning duel with Hal Laycoe of the Boston Bruins. After hearing all the evidence of the case and weighing it judiciously, Campbell suspended Richard for the remainder of the season—including the Stanley Cup play-off games. It is quite likely that the suspension of Richard cost his team, Les Canadiens of Montreal, a victory in the Stanley Cup series which they lost to Detroit Red Wings.

Any person who has known Campbell through the years is sure of the calm and deliberate thinking which preceded his decision. Any person who knows him realizes that he analysed the evidence as minutely as if he were a member of the Supreme Court of Canada, hearing the appeal of a man on trial for his life.

Campbell announced the suspension on a Wednesday afternoon and then, on the next night—St. Patrick's Day—he attended a hockey game between the Detroits and Les Canadiens at the Montreal Forum. His presence touched off one of the most disgusting riots in the history of sports.

Campbell didn't touch off a riot deliberately. It was unthinkable to him that he would fail to appear at a game which was demanded by his office. Campbell had announced what he considered to be a just decision and, to him, it was inconceivable that even a partisan Canadian sports audience could fail to appreciate the thought which he had given to the evidence before making such a decision.

The President of the National Hockey League was the one person who emerged with dignity from the affair. As, very carefully, he wiped the trash from his suit, it is quite probable that he recalled the evening, many years before, when in Trail, BC, he walked through a mob which was threatening his life after a hockey game.

Campbell walked through the Trail mob with one friend. He handed his club-bag to the friend and removed the guards from his skates. He shouldered his way through the crowd with the naked skates in his hands. No one attempted to detain him.

Afterwards he said: "I knew that I was right — but, some times, you have to be ready to prove that you were right".

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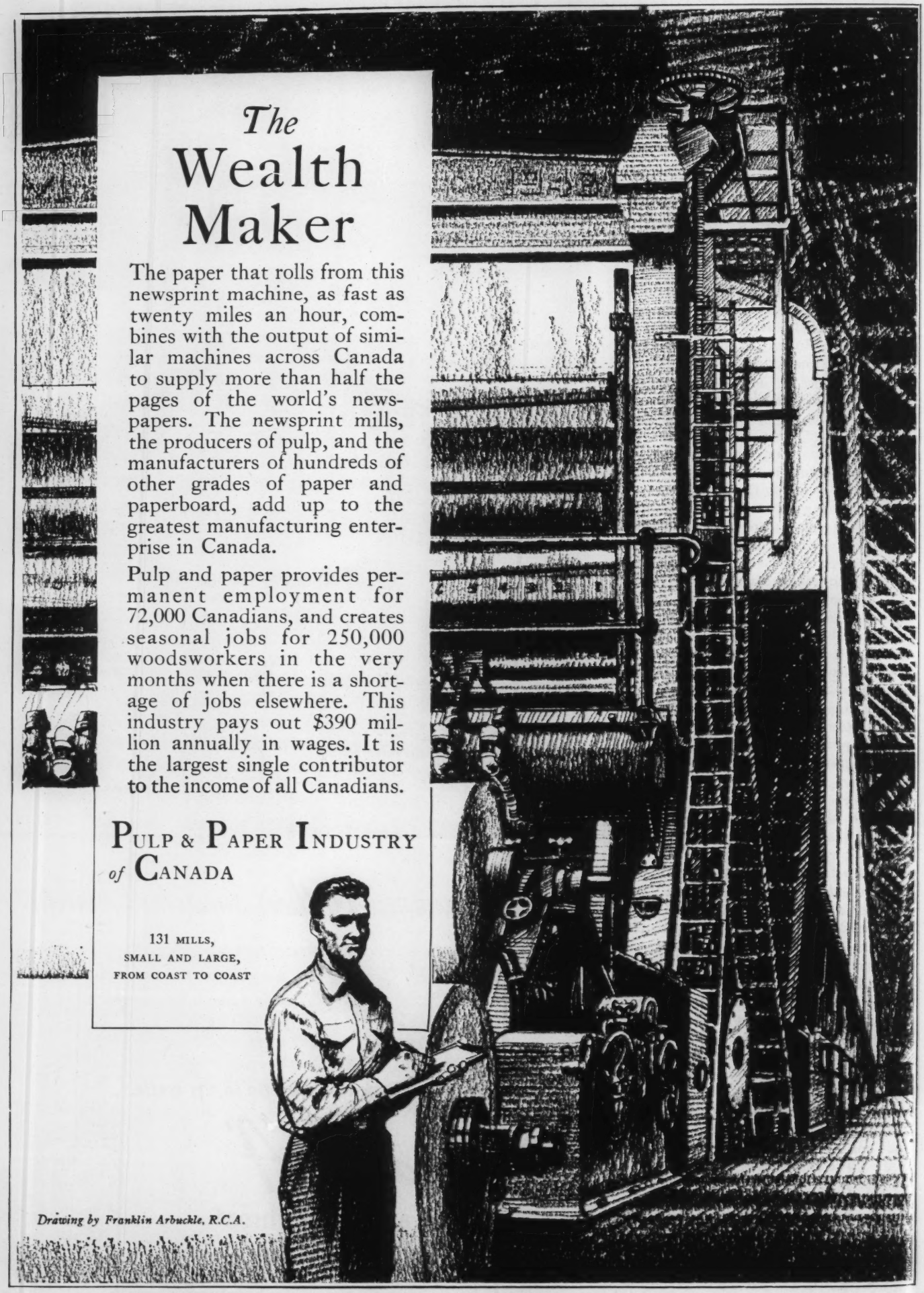

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Foreign Affairs

The Present State of France

by Adrian Liddell Hart

REPORTS of French troubles in Algeria and Morocco, of mutinies by French reservists, of a French walk-out from the United Nations, of yet another French Government crisis . . . and once again the commentators of the West deplore the state of France.

"France has again and again succeeded in squaring the circle by miracles of dexterity and adroitness," says a recently published book (*The State of France* by Herbert Luthy, published by Secker & Warburg, and distributed in Canada by the British Book Service). "But the little bit left over every time the circle is squared has now grown so great that it can no longer be ignored." In its own way this informative and challenging book by a Swiss writer who sets out to study this circle-squaring, is itself a miracle of dexterity and it should be read by everyone who cares about France.

Some reviewers, such as Sir Harold Nicholson in the London *Observer*, have been made quite angry by what to others would seem innocuous statements. If France is still, as Jefferson said, a second country to every man—or at least to every educated man—then some patriotic sensitivity is only natural. My own experience of French life has been peripheral where it has not been casual. But the barracks of Marseilles and Sidi-bel-Abbes, no less than the cafes of St. Germain-des-Prés and the pages of *Remembrance of Things Past* (of which I am, like Sir Anthony Eden, a devotee) have helped to develop a certain feeling for the surprises of French civilization and a suspicion of premature conclusions.

Mr. Luthy is no Proust in irony or analysis; he is inclined to be hurried and overly impersonal, and he pays little attention to those great institutions, like the Army and the Church, which have not wholly adapted themselves to the post-revolutionary State. But within his context he appears to me to have executed a tour de force and his conclusions, in general, are valid for my experience.

"The most recent history of France is nothing but a tenacious, desperate and acrobatic struggle to hold fast, in spite of all threats and catastrophes, to her own way of life and to her national greatness, her admirable and terrifying equilibrium of incompatibles . . . she is full of men who preserve their own mind, their own individuality, their own fortunes and misfortunes and are not organizable units of population but individual men . . . France for him who looks for nothing else is still the country in which it is supremely possible to live . . ." And quite a number do look for nothing else. As Mr. Luthy points out, plenty of foreigners from all nations and for diverse reasons, want to live in France, but precious few Frenchmen, despite their grumbles, want to live anywhere else. In this sense, at least, the balance is wholly favorable.

The first of the four parts into which his book is divided describes the national structure of France. Setting numerous paradoxes against the historical background, it interprets the development (and stagnation) of France in terms of the establishment and maintenance, notwithstanding all changes of fortune and regime, of a highly centralized and rigidly traditionalist administration. It analyses the archaic legal and fiscal system over which this "gerontocracy" presides. "For generations France has not been ruled but administered," the author concludes. "Is this not a secret fulfillment of the anarchist's Utopia?" He then proceeds to an examination of the impulses and expressions of French civilization within this national structure.

In the same chapter he can discuss the craftiness of the Paris police as well as the craftsmanship of the Paris theatre. And, not unnaturally, he dwells on the unique prestige that the French writer enjoys, whether he chooses to become *l'homme engagé* or to remain in a decaying ivory tower. (As confirmation of this more admirable French characteristic, one can note the recent reception of General de Gaulle's memoirs—he may have been a poor politician and an overrated soldier, but he is, it seems, a successful stylist, which is far more important.) This prestige derives from the fact that literature, from the old classics to the current polemics, represents the common denominator of the nation. "Literature is the only possible and adequate social science of a society organized in innumerable groups, each small enough to be surveyable by all its members and private enough to be impenetrable to outsiders."

The remaining parts of the book deal in greater detail with various aspects of post-war France. Though Mr. Luthy is frankly sceptical of most official production figures, he acknowledges the great progress which has been made under the Monnet Plan, in heavy industry, mining and transportation. "But if one searches for the effects which the tremendous constructive achievements of the French key industries have had on the daily life of

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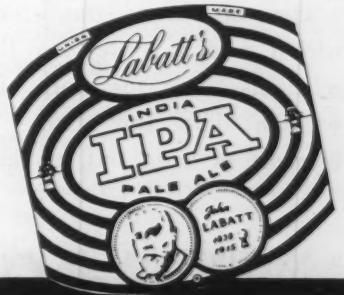

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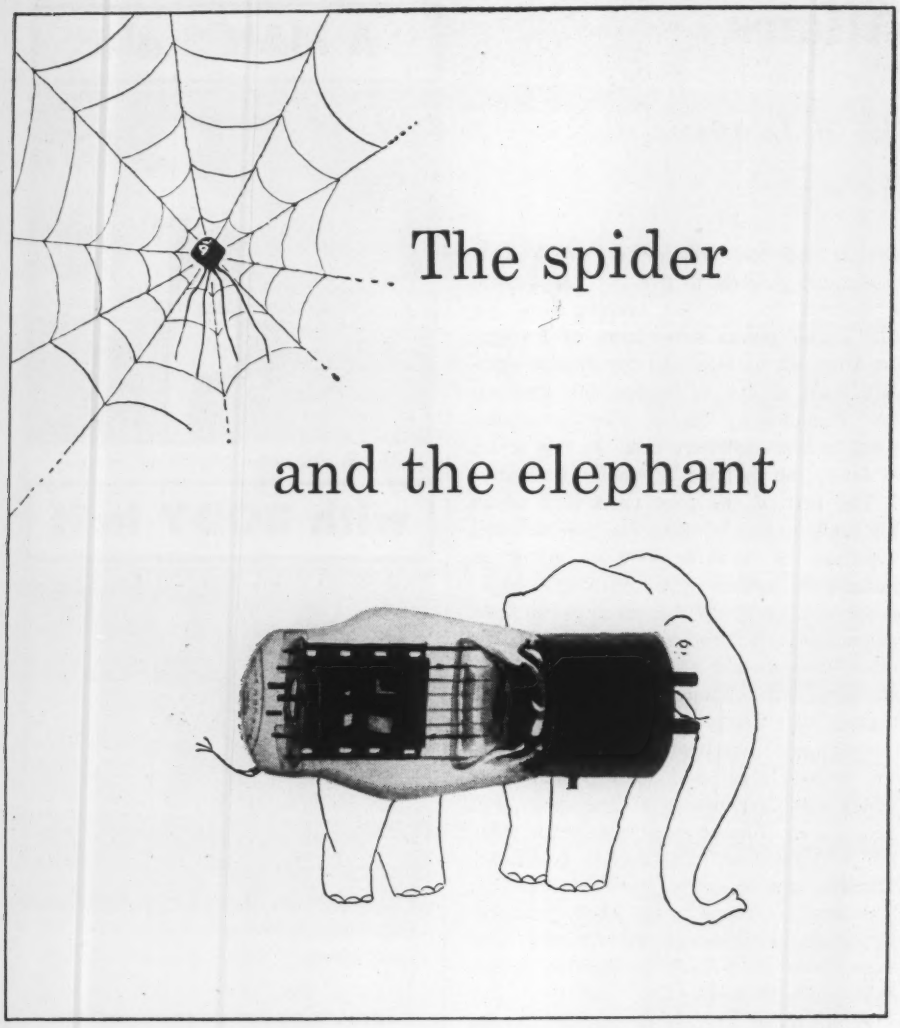

This is not a fable—though it does seem fabulous to say it would take an elephantine vacuum tube to do the work of that spidery looking object, the "transistor". In other words: that mighty mite operates on only one hundred thousandth the power required by a tube in your radio set at home. That's about as fine as we can figure it!

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France, they all seem to run away between one's fingers." Is this the fault of people like M. Poujade and his 800,000 members of the Union for the Defence of Shopkeepers and Craftsmen (The Union for the Defence of Tax Cheaters), of M. Gingembre and his Association of Small and Medium Businesses, of the *incivisme* of six million peasant-proprietors and the *immobilisme* of the vast, ill-paid bureaucracy? Mr. Luthy would appear to think so. But perhaps he is just being impatient.

In the section on the Overseas Territories, the observations on Algeria are now the most relevant, especially in drawing attention to the consequences of the existing union. "The Algerian emigration (to metropolitan France) acts as a safety valve which diminishes the risk of an explosion from the pressure of Algerian population, but it is no solution. And the social and moral plague of this sub-proletariat is the price paid for the economic annexation which has brought Algeria into the closed protectionist French economic system."

On Indo-China, now a closed chapter as far as France is concerned, Mr. Luthy is more brief, but it seems from my experience there that he underrates the importance of the personal factor—the great sense of mission and honor in such an authentic French hero as the late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, on the one hand, and the appalling individual corruption shown by many Frenchmen, on the other hand.

In dealing at length with French domestic politics, there is also a tendency to over-emphasize the significance of groups and interests, and of the anonymous bureaucracy, at the expense of inter-acting personalities, though credit is given to President Auriol for his behind-the-scenes, and possibly decisive influence. In shaking one's head over the instability

Malraux: Personality of France?

of French governments, often in the face of a minor issue, it is always well to recall the circumstances of 1948, when the Government of the day was faced with a Communist-led general strike for two months— and managed to survive.

In the ideas of two great contemporary writers, Malraux and Camus, neither of whom, incidentally, has a wholly French background, Mr. Luthy discerns a crisis of the traditional French spirit of reason —with a turning towards a more German attitude on life, which may be both dangerous and fruitful. Indeed, André Malraux, the sometime Communist revolutionary, Resistance leader and Gaullist propagandist, the present philosopher of Art, has more than any other contemporary figure, come to represent the personality of France, at any rate in its wider aspirations.

Finally, Mr. Luthy sees the salvation of France in a revival of the French power of real and mutual assimilation. "No nation is less in danger of losing herself and her rich heritage in a wider community . . . her idea of human civilization would possess a conquering force greater than all the imperialisms and ideologies if she could still only believe in it herself . . ."

In the last years, France has experienced further troubles and renewed hopes. In Mendès-France, she showed herself still capable of producing—and listening to—a leader of a different stamp from the Queuilles, the Laniels and the Pinays, those small-time representatives of the so-called *le pays réel*. And despite their fumbling in overseas affairs, M. Faure and his colleagues have succeeded in achieving at least the financial stability that Mendès-France tried to impose in 1945. Wages have gone up in the last year and prices have remained the same. The end of inflation may bring about a reduction in those surplus middle-men who hang like an economic and political millstone round the neck of the country. Meanwhile, French engineering successes abroad are giving a new boost to French morale. Contrasted with Britain today, France seems to enjoy a sound economy.

Nor are the long-term prospects without hope, if France can modernize her administration and weather her overseas storms. "Old France" with its sharply rising birth rate, will have the youngest population in Europe by 1970 (a phenomenon to which the German Occupation has contributed, with some interesting biological implications). And a new synthesis of traditional, individual values with technological progress may replace the old French cultural hegemony in the world.

In Canada the fate of France has a special significance. And not only in Quebec will educated people look to a wider and more powerful French influence on the civilization of the West.

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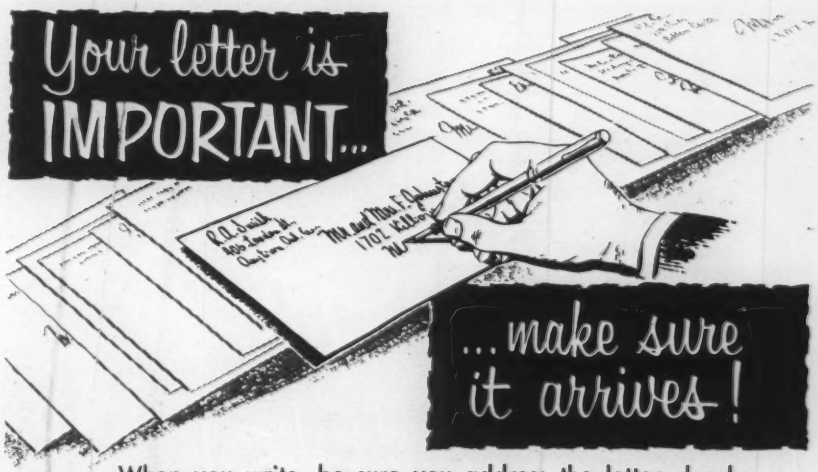

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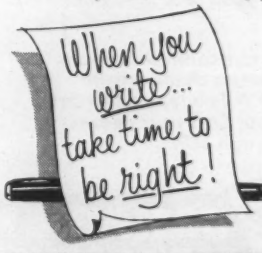

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Ottawa Letter

Age and Bargaining Power

by John A. Stevenson

THERE is naturally some speculation in political circles about what effect the illness of President Eisenhower will have upon the plans of Prime Minister St. Laurent in regard to his own future. He is now 73, whereas the stricken President is only 65; the plight of the latter must be making him ponder as to whether it would be advisable to risk the chances of a few years of leisured ease in the late evening of his life by submitting to the strain of leading his party in another election.

It is true that Mr. St. Laurent has not been carrying anything like the onerous load of responsibilities, which Eisenhower has been shouldering almost without interruption since 1941, and that he does not indulge in such strenuous exercise as the playing of 27 holes at golf in a forenoon. Moreover, the office of Prime Minister seems to be a sort of passport to longevity. Out of our 12 Prime Ministers, only one, Sir John Thompson, who died suddenly at Windsor Castle in 1894 at the comparatively early age of 50, failed to reach the span of 70 years allotted to man by the Psalmist.

The Chamber of the House of Commons was well filled early in October when most of the Federal Cabinet, the Premiers of all the ten provinces and their respective troupes of financial and economic experts assembled in it as a high council of the nation to deal with the thorny problem of Federal-provincial relations in the field of taxation.

Forty years ago half of the provincial Premiers who would have attended such a conference would have worn the accolade of knighthood, but now they were all plain commoners and none the worse for that.

Easily the doyen of this band of Premiers is the redoubtable Maurice Duplessis, who, since he first became Premier of Quebec in 1936, has become a hardboiled veteran of the conflicts which such conferences tend to produce. Next to him in experience of them come Premier T. C. Douglas of Sask. and the Hon. Leslie Frost of Ontario, who both now wear the air of serene elder statesmen. By comparison the Hon. W. A. Bennett of BC, the Hon. A. W. Matheson of PEI, the Hon. H. J. Flemming of NB, and Premier H. D. Hicks of NS, are mere novices at the game of bargaining.

On the Federal side the two key figures were Prime Minister St. Laurent and his Minister of Finance, Mr. Harris, and their approaches to the basic problem at issue were not identical.

The Prime Minister, like Mr. Gladstone over Home Rule for Ireland 70 years ago, is an old man in a hurry. He has long been deeply and intelligently concerned over the deep fissure between his own province of Quebec and the rest of Canada on the subject of rights of taxation and he has a genuine desire to bring Quebec into full communion in the church of Confederation. He knows, too, that he is now suspect in the eyes of a large body of his racial compatriots as a promoter of centralization who is indifferent to the sacred provincial rights of Quebec and that unless he can allay these suspicions, he may be destined to a lowlier place in the French-Canadian Valhalla, than Mr. Duplessis, the stern defender of Quebec's autonomy, will occupy.

The conference offered an opportunity for him to kill two birds with one stone and he could not afford to miss it, even if his plans for conciliating Quebec cost the Treasury a lot of money. On the other hand, Mr. Harris, cheered by the

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prospect that the mounting tide of prosperity was going to reduce the deficit, for which he had so boldly budgeted, was naturally anxious not to impair it by being compelled to dole out additional annual sums to hungry provincial Premiers.

The opening speech of Mr. St. Laurent was a rambling discourse, in which, after reviewing the whole tax situation, he indicated that his Government was not irrevocably wedded to the present agreements for rental of taxation and outlined several alternative methods through which the same objectives could be achieved. He was obviously jockeying for position and ready to bargain.

In succession all the provincial Premiers unfolded their views in varied strains and dilated upon the gravity of the financial problems which each of them faced and the need for further help from Ottawa to ease their burdens. Then, when the Federal Ministers produced the scheme called "Plan C", they proceeded to examine it and dissect its proposals with a critical eye. The full report of its details, which the daily press has given, makes any repetition of them superflous, and it will suffice to say that under it the annual drain upon the Treasury would rise to $484 million as compared with the present sum of $327 million.

The acquiesence of Mr. Harris in such an increase could not have been cheerful. The idea of an equalization payment to Quebec amounting to $41.7 million per annum could not be expected to appeal to Premier Frost of Ontario, whose province was being asked to provide most of the succor for the "have-not" provinces, and other provincial premiers shared his sombre view of the proposals. But Premier Duplessis, who in his opening speech had reiterated his determination to stand on guard against encroachments upon his province's rights, remained indifferent to the bait held before his nose and refused to make any pronouncement upon it.

At first the consensus of the other Premiers was that "Plan C" had few charms for them but a closer scrutiny of its actual terms modified the coolness of some of them towards its merits and made them ready to give it consideration. Alone of them Premier Bennett, outraged by the idea that his province would have its annual subsidy from Ottawa cut from $46 million to $40.2 million, would have no truck with it and he was not pacified by a promise from Mr. Harris that no province would have its subsidy actually reduced under the new scheme.

No definite decisions emerged from the Conference. The present agreements still have two years to run and in that period conditions may change greatly. So most of the Premiers saw no reason for making any definite decision about "Plan C" or any other scheme and the conference dissolved on the understanding that it would reconvene later—possibly in December.

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Films

Period Crime

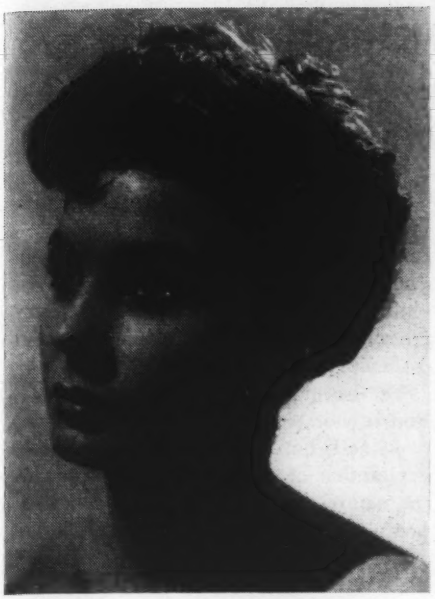
by Mary Lowrey Ross

Footsteps in the Fog is a murder story as conventionally and intricately devised as a length of old-fashioned crochet work. It is expertly managed, however, and moviegoers who like to take their time over studies of crime and retribution may enjoy watching the familiar pattern evolve.

The film opens with Stewart Granger bowing in grief over the grave of his late wife and rejecting the consolations of sympathetic friends. Back in his gaslit London mansion, however, he relaxes over a glass of sherry and prepares to enjoy his widowerhood. None of this escapes the attention of a sharp-eyed little skivvy (Jean Simmons), who has been experimenting successfully on the rats in the cellar with her late mistress's stomach tonic. She doesn't take long to announce the results of her research to her employer, who promptly promotes her to be his housekeeper and then goes off to his book-lined study to figure out ways of disposing of *her*. Before it is over, victim and victimizer become practically indistinguishable as they pursue each other in ever-narrowing circles, rather like Little Black Sambo and the tiger.

Most of the action takes place in the rich gloom of the Nineteenth Century mansion, and the denouement, when it comes, is a matter of bad timing rather than good police work. However, ultimate justice doesn't matter here, since both participants are so thoroughly blackhearted that it is hard to take much interest in the survival of either. The picture follows the usual pattern of Victorian melodrama, in which even crime must be

Katharine Hepburn: Sure artistry.



Jean Simmons: Experiment with rats.

muffled in gentility and murder takes the relatively respectable pace of slow poisoning. It makes a fine vehicle for Stewart Granger, a many-splendored figure in the full-skirted frock-coats and frogged, brocaded dressing-gowns which are the hall mark of the period.

IT WAS something of a risk to put Katharine Hepburn and the city of Venice in the same picture, since both are in the habit of commanding undivided attention. In *Summertime,* Director David Lean solved the problem by setting his heroine out on a romantic quest in the most romantic city in the world. So Venice becomes a city of dreams seen through the avid eyes of a lonely spinster from Akron, Ohio. The camera goes along, lingering on the ancient waterways and the old, wave-lapped palaces baked by the centuries to a tender and delicious brown, lingering longest of all on Hepburn's supple face, which reflects back every enchanted vista and shortly reveals that solitude in the midst of beauty can be a good deal more disturbing than beauty itself.

The solitude is relieved presently by a handsome dealer in antiques (Rossano Brazzi) who, as it turns out, can get around the heroine's Akron defences almost as adroitly as he does about his native Venice. So *Summertime* becomes both a guided tour of the city and an exploration of the heroine's emotions, which tend to melt with every opening vista. Since it is written with worldliness and style, the film can be taken as fairly educational on both counts.

The romantic secretary is a complicated girl, alternately proud and desolate, hostile and radiant, strident and tender. Katharine Hepburn, a fairly complicated girl herself, plays the role with sure, consistent artistry.

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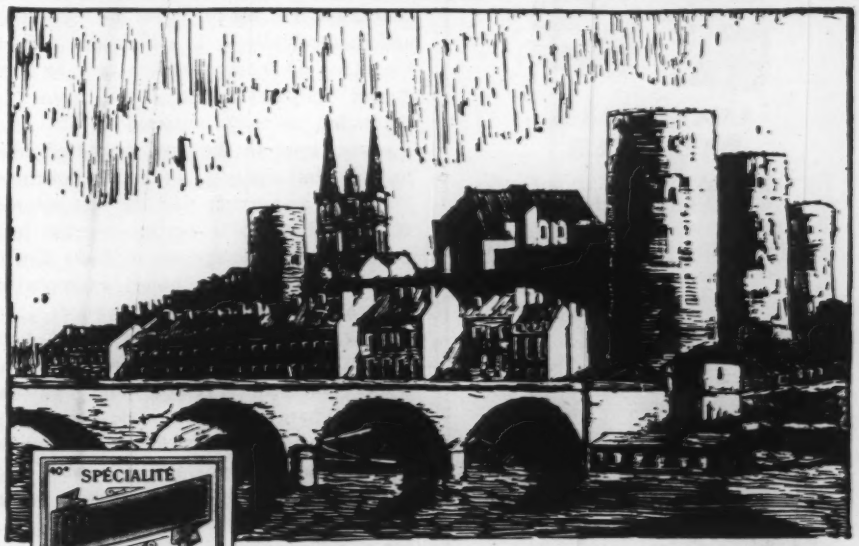

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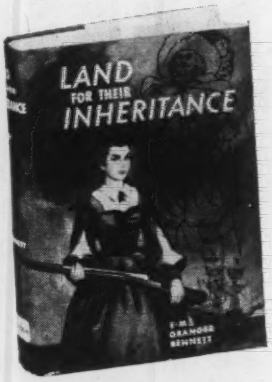

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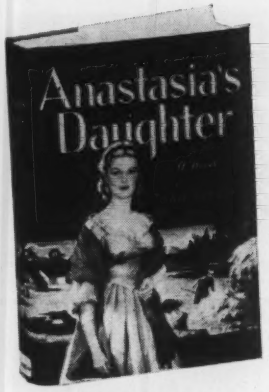

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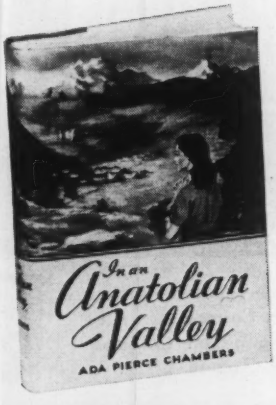

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Books

The Last of Fortune's Favorite

by Robertson Davies

THE LATE Thomas Mann was in several respects a singularly fortunate man of letters. Fame came to him early, for he was only twenty-six when *Buddenbrooks* was published and acclaimed; and after this splendid beginning he suffered no serious reverse of reputation, and apparently none of that waxing and waning of creative power which makes wretched the life of so many writers. From being the possessor of a great German reputation to the achievement of a world reputation, and finally to a position of unique authority, was a steady progress; he was a political refugee from Germany by choice and not by compulsion, and thus his exile never brought with it any loss of dignity. His earnings were sufficient to permit him to live in comfort; his marriage was happy and his home life unmarked by scandal or tragedy; during his last years he enjoyed a public regard not too greatly unlike that which surrounded his idol, Goethe. Fortune, it seemed, had lavished her gifts upon him with both hands.

He, in his turn, did all that a man can do to be worthy of Fortune's favor. He cherished his genius, working seriously and methodically, it is said, every day of his life. The honors which came to him gained fully as much lustre from his reputation as they imparted to it. And Fortune, kind to the last, permitted him to live a full eighty years, and to conclude his career as a writer with the first volume of a novel which is worthy of what had gone before. *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man* is a happy example of Thomas Mann's work.

I dare not say "of Thomas Mann's best work", for there will be many people whose judgment I respect who will disagree. What, they will say, do I mean by suggesting that this is fit to stand with *Buddenbrooks, The Magic Mountain* and the *Joseph* tetralogy? I do not wish to be involved in argument of that sort, for I am non-Germanic in temperament, and I am certain that much that was greatest in those intimidating novels has passed over my head. Mann was intensely Germanic, and only those temperamentally suited to Germanic thought and the Germanic way of expressing it can know his work fully.

I do not, in saying this, suggest that Germanic thought and utterance is superior to, let us say, English or French or American thought and utterance; I mean only that it takes a different tempo, and reaches us in a copious, detailed, slow-moving form. Thomas Mann shows us life, not by flashes of lightning, but accompanied by prolonged rollings of thunder. In English translation many of his philosophical passages arouse the irreverent thought that he is dealing extensively in hot air.

Yet has not all philosophy this suggestion of hot air? For what is philosophy, at its best, but the detailed and systematic exploration of those magical insights into the nature of life and the universe, which poets experience and which poets express, very often, with gem-like clarity and blessed brevity? The poet, having been granted his insight, tries to give it to the world with something of the brilliant compression with which it reached him; the philosopher wants to leave nothing unsaid that will explain and extend his flash of insight, and somewhat too often he wants to transform his fleeting and imperfect vision into a system of thought.

It is amusing to recall that Mann, in a speech delivered in Vienna in 1936, on the occasion of Sigmund Freud's eightieth birthday, gently and humorously rebuked Freud for trying to make a scientific system out of things which poets had known only as an elusive, uncodified collection of insights for centuries. Both Freud and Mann shared in the German passion for thoroughness. I do not think that anyone who lacks some strain of that passion in himself will ever thoroughly comprehend the novels of Thomas Mann. He was a great philosophic novelist; if he had been less thorough, less anxious to explain and explore every ramification of his thought,

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PAUL CHARTRAND, OFFICE GENERAL DES GRANDES MARQUES, MONTREAL

he might have been something even finer —a great poetic novelist.

When critical books are written about Mann, as they surely will be, much attention will be devoted to the tenacity with which he retained and explored certain ideas which are the foundation of his work. One of these was the division between the Good Citizen and the Artist; another was the kinship of the Artist with the Criminal. The second of these seminal concepts was the source of a remarkable short story which he wrote in 1911, called *Felix Krull;* it told of a young man, the son of a manufacturer of bad champagne, who as a child decided that he was different from other beings—a finer creature with a larger notion of life—and that this difference released him from ordinary considerations of morality. It was a superb story, and Mann could not relinquish it without expansion; in 1954 it appeared in German, with the original story as its first section, and about six times as much new material, which brought it to the length of a novel; it was the author's intention to add another volume to this. Perhaps, had he lived, Mann would have become so engrossed in the story of Felix that he would have turned it into another tetralogy, as absorbing and monumental a work as *Joseph and His Brothers.* That he contemplated a second volume is further proof of the vitality of his creative powers.

Felix writes, he tells us, from retirement; we learn also that he has been in prison. What happened to put him in jail and end his career as a confidence man we shall never know, for this is not the sort of book which anyone will ever dare to complete. *Felix Krull* began as a short story and will remain as half a novel. And for a great number of readers, Felix will always stand as a symbol for a particular type of person.

It is an uncommon type, for Felix is a man who understands himself thoroughly. He always puts his best side forward, even when he is writing his personal memoirs, supposedly for his own amusement; yet, as he lets us know, his memoir *might* some day have a reader, and he sets to work to charm and disarm that reader, just as he charmed and disarmed his victims at the peak of his career. His victims? No, that is the wrong word. Felix is convinced that he never had a victim; he always brought more joy into the lives of those he exploited than sorrow. If he stole from women, did he not leave them with the memory of an exceptionally gifted lover? If he impersonated a man, did he not play the part in a style far beyond the capabilities of the original? Yet, beneath all this elaborate and almost convincing self-justification we sense that Felix knew himself to be a crook, and that he took an artist's delight in his dishonesty, which was his form of creation. Such self-recognition is very rare. Most crooks

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are whiners, deceived by their own lies. But not Felix. He had the actor's duality of consciousness, giving half of himself to a brilliant performance which was under the intellectual guidance of the other half.

Is *Felix Krull* a great comic novel? I think so. I found it a great farce of the spirit, and read it with entranced delight. But because Mann was a heavyweight philosophical novelist, this is heavyweight comedy; the fun is not broad; it is deep, and yet it is enlivened with those flashes of farce which really happen in life, but which we stupidly think improbable when we see them on the stage. We attract what we are: the tragic spirit finds tragedy in life, and the dull spirit finds dullness; the farcical spirit finds farce at every turn, and when he is a farcical spirit of the stature of Felix Krull, he finds great farce, in which even the vast involvements and pachydermatous sobrieties of German philosophy have a place.

This is also, to my astonishment, an erotic novel of splendid scope. It is not gross, nor does it go in for those details so dear to authors who think that they personally invented sex. But it calls up the atmosphere of sex, and the truth of sex, and the absorbing glory of sex, as only a few novels within my experience have succeeded in doing. Here we have an author, supremely adult, describing one of life's great preoccupations, and the result is superb.

It is pleasant to think that this novel engaged some of Mann's last years, for it is evidence that the man upon whom Fortune smiled with such constancy was her darling to the last, happy and secure in the possession of his great powers.

Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man, by Thomas Mann—pp. 384—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.95.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

THERE's no story here! It's just a straightforward teaser: and you may as well know it isn't easy. We have the skeleton of a regular long-division sum, each figure being represented either by a "cross" or by a code letter. And each of the code letters stands for a different figure. So now you have to find the number which is represented by "NEAR".

```
NEAR) xxxxxR(ARE
      NEAR
      -----
      xxxxx
      xxxxN
      -----
        xxxxx
        xxxxN
        -----
          NRN
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Answer on page 38.

Business

Canada: Purveyor to the Printing Press

by Robson Black

CANADA has become Town Crier to 65 nations. The human race, always avid for "news", gets most of it by the printed word arranged in newspaper columns. Three-fifths of those columns in all countries of the non-Soviet world appear on Canadian newsprint paper.

Every fifteen seconds, four tons of newsprint are freshly minted from Canada's forests and bound on a hemispheric cruise. There will be stop-overs at Prince Rupert, Bobcaygeon, Digby, and almost all the other names you can think of, including Johannesburg, Jerusalem and Jersey City. With 93 per cent of its product going out of Canada, the industry is the greatest of Canada's pillars in foreign exchange with the USA and, of course, the greatest of our industrial paymasters.

Newsprint paper sounds like a simple compound but, in truth, is as complex as a necromancer's philtre. We see a procession of logs moving downstream to a paper plant, emerging finally as wrapped rolls ready for a printing press; that seems all there is to it. It would be more complete with a few other ingredients added to the nation-wide prescription: $33 million worth of electricity, $47 million for fuel, $100 million for chemicals and supplies, $200 million for transportation, $400 million for wages — altogether, a formidable flow of greenbacks emerging from our wilderness of forests to put strength in the arteries of trade.

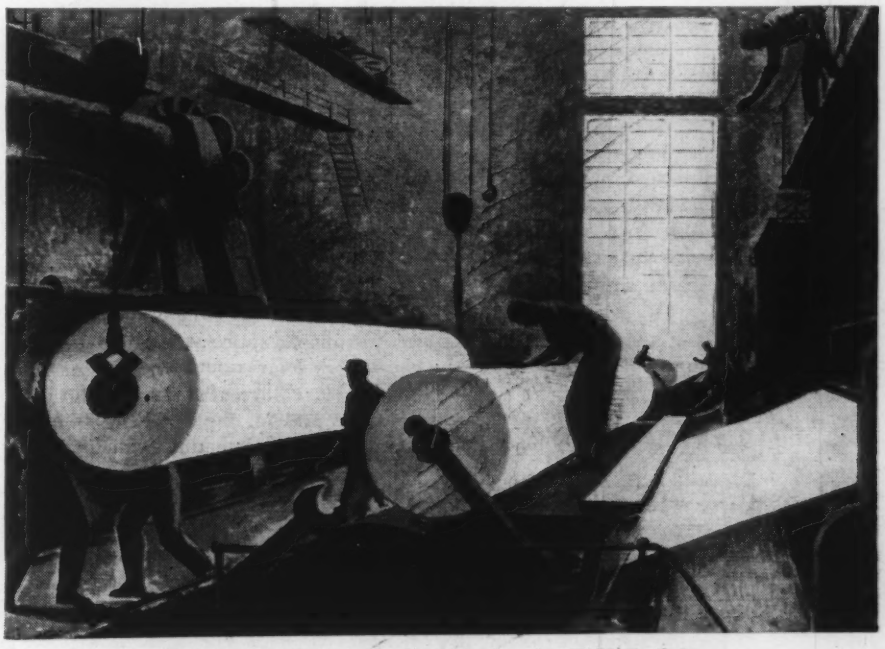
In the operations of a single newsprint company, I have met such homely items as these: 24 million pounds of fresh beef and pork to feed the woods workers; 10,000 tons of hay and 7,000 tons of oats to satisfy the horses, most of this purchased from neighboring farm communities. The sight of a jack-ladder, with its dripping logs, tells little of the complicated engineering, the marshalling of human and mechanical forces which precede the felling of a single tree.

All the forests on earth could not have put Canada's newsprint industry in its present front-rank position had it not been for hydro-electric development. Fifty years ago, our pulp factories were in their kindergarten stage. The big consuming market of the USA fabricated its own paper. Within a couple of decades, Canada stole the limelight with three irresistible advantages: vast forests of paper-making woods, an abundance of cheap electric power in an early stage of development, and direct transportation of the finished product by rail or water to the U.S. customer. Today, this country accounts for 80 per cent of the newsprint supply for all newspapers published in the States. All processes of paper-making move by the magic of electric energy—the grinders, the beaters, the decks of rollers that dry and toughen and polish the endless milages of whitened tissue. All told, it takes 10 billion k.w.h., four-fifths coming from central power stations, the remainder from the industry's own generating units. From coast to coast, a third of all hydro power used by industry is employed in the making of pulp and paper.

What about the raw material? Can the forest resources stand the strain of present paper-making activity? Upwards of eighty million trees a year have to be felled to retain our grip on the newsprint trade. If the trees aren't at hand, we're liable to drop a billion dollars annually, making all the difference between high prosperity and a national depression.

The answer is more cheering than any we've had in the past. Contrary to many a popular "hunch", the making of pulp and paper in Canada accounts for only a sixth of the tree-cutting carried on by all of our forest industries and the axe of the small owner. In fact, rural people use a larger tonnage of wood for heating and cooking than the tonnage of conifers needed for the paper industry. All this may surprise the man-on-the-street who "knows" or "hears" that the paper people, and they alone, are denuding hill and dale to the smallest sapling.

Rather than exercise itself as to what the paper companies are doing with Canada's forest endowment, let the public contemplate its own lamentable contribution. After all, forest industry turns its trees to human advantage. The public prefers bonfires — 5,000 of them loosed each summer to char the heart of the greenwoods. The industries pay for their cuttings with two billions of wages and trade. The public pays with two million acres of brand-new desert.



"Newsprint". From the painting by Will Ogilvie.

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Gold & Dross

Iron Ore Co.

I am a shareholder in Labrador Mining & Exploration and I have never heard of Iron Ore Co., of Canada as a factor in its operations. Can you tell me how the two projects are associated? Is Iron Ore listed?—A.M.C., Winnipeg.

Labrador Mining is one of the ten companies that pooled resources to tap rich iron deposits in Quebec and Labrador. The company formed for this purpose was Iron Ore. At last report, Labrador held some 266,666 of the four million Iron Ore common shares outstanding, as well as about $1.5 million of 3 per cent income debentures.

Iron Ore is developing and operating iron ore property on concessions granted Labrador covering some 13 square miles. Labrador Mining has a one-eighth interest in the first 133,333,333 tons of iron ore mined for IOCO, a one-third share in all other iron ore and 27 per cent of specialty minerals which might be taken out.

In addition, Labrador can sell its own iron ore once a new railroad proves it can carry 10 million tons a year. Labrador is reported selling its own ore this year.

However, on ore sold by Iron Ore, Labrador gets a royalty of 7 per cent, based on the market price at the shipping terminal at Seven Islands.

This deal means that Labrador gets a cut all the way down the line, from the royalty to a voice in Iron Ore through its shareholders. That is why Labrador shares are selling at about $17, double their low for the year of $8.15. Giving added attraction to Labrador stock is the fact that it is a means of investing in Iron Ore Co., for IOCO stock is not listed anywhere and is not traded. For an investor to participate in this development, Labrador is one of the few paths his dollar can take.

Home Oil

Will you please let me know if Home Oil is a buy or a sell at the present price of $10.50?—B.C., Sydney, NS.

It depends on your circumstances and objectives and the price you paid. The stock has moved in a relatively narrow range and has stayed at its current level for some time. At present, the company is in the process of amalgamating with Federated Petroleums and reshuffling its capital structure.

Home shares will be changed into class A and B, with the A offered to Home and Federated shareholders on a pro rata basis. These will carry a cumulative dividend of 25 cents annually and will be non-voting. Home shareholders will receive one B share for each old share they hold; these B shares will be voting. Federated stockholders get one for two.

More details should be available shortly with stockholders considering the proposals at a meeting on Dec. 6.

Home has been around since 1929 and last year produced 1.6 million barrels of oil from its wells. It has had an extensive program underway aimed at increasing oil reserves so that it can take better advantage of the growth of the western Canadian oil industry.

The merger of Home and Federated should make for a stronger company and one better able to grow. Actually, Home and Federated have been working together for some time through a subsidiary—Oilwell Operators.

Home is probably a "sit-and-wait" proposition. The spectacular market fillips that used to occur in oil shares have been long gone. As a well-established firm, which has weathered many business storms, it has the ring of soundness missing in many other newcomers to western oil.

Mid-Western Gas

Could you give me a breakdown on Mid-Western Industrial Gas? I show a profit and wonder if I should take it now, although I don't really need it.—H. E. K., Melfort, Sask.

This company has actually been making headway in selling gas to industry while the giant cross-Canada projects bog down in politics. However, Mid-Western has been in a much better position than the dream deals. This company is in business to develop natural gas reserves and to sell this gas to industry.

Right now it is selling gas from its own wells to the Sherritt Gordon Mines' nickel refinery near Edmonton. And it has two other deals, which will give it major markets. These are to supply gas to a new Calgary Power steam power plant and to the new pulp mill of North Western Pulp and Power.

It has wells in four areas in Alberta and acreage in other areas including Saskatchewan. Proven reserves have been estimated at about 158 trillion cubic feet. Recent drilling has been concentrated on the Alexander Indian Reserve, where results have been good.

Financial structure consists of $2 million outstanding 5 per cent secured notes and 2 million outstanding common shares of 4 million authorized. The secured notes carry warrants which give the holder the right to buy 100 common shares for each $1,000 note at $2.75 a share to April 1956,

$3.25 to 1957, $3.50 to 1958, $3.75 to 1959 and $4 to 1960.

Meanwhile the stock is selling at $4.90 and has hit as high as $5.15 and as low as $1.66 earlier this year.

Mid-Western is an interesting speculation which holds considerable promise of profit as its business grows. With two contracts for sale of gas yet to be touched and with the Sherritt Gordon deal only beginning, the outlook certainly is bright.

However, it must be kept in mind that profitable operations on a basis that might mean dividends are likely some distance away. The company must continue to spend money on expanding both gas reserves and its outlets for the sale of gas. It is a young company which has much room for growth.

Willroy Copper

What have you to say about purchasing Willroy Copper Mines as a short-term speculation?—L.A., Jasper, Alta.

THE hopes of Willroy in Ontario's Manitouwadge district, are based upon its closeness to the Geco copper property, which is being financed to production by the Noranda Mining Corp. group. Willroy is going underground to investigate indications secured by surface drilling. If underground investigation improves the drilling indications, it might reflect in an improved market valuation. If it is disappointing, then the stock could reasonably be expected to decline.

Only a swami or seventh son of a seventh son would attempt to say what the underground results will be.

In Brief

I have acquired 1,000 shares of Lebel Lode Ltd. from an estate. Have I anything of value here and what shall I do with them?—J. K., Toronto.

Keep them. They have no market value now.

I purchased Murray-Compton Gold Mines at .40 a share in 1929 and have heard nothing from them for several years. Can you give me some information on this company?—N. C. S., Saskatoon.

Even the name is gone.

We would appreciate knowing what you think of Trans-Era, bought at $1.25. Would you suggest we sell and buy something else? Or has Trans-Era a future?—H. P., Regina.

Trans-Era's future appears to be largely in the past. It is typical of many companies which the western Canada oil boom produced. Those that failed to find oil in paying quantities are now battling for survival and for many the only hope is to merge their assets with those of other companies in the same plight.

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Who's Who in Business

World of Tomorrow

FRANK R. DEAKINS is the head of the most important electronics company in Canada: —RCA Victor. He was born in Jasper, Tennessee in 1894 and worked in his youth as a farmer, a woodworker and an electrician in a cement mill. After graduating from Alabama Polytechnique Institute he became a student engineer with General Electric in New York and later joined the staff of RCA Victor.

He first came to Canada in 1932 after having served as assistant to the president of the RCA Manufacturing Company in Camden, New Jersey. His first Canadian appointment was brief; two years as vice-president before returning to Camden in 1934 as manager of the engineering products and international division of RCA.

Frank R. Deakins

In 1944, when RCA Victor was up to its neck in wartime orders from the Canadian forces, Mr. Deakins came back as president of the Canadian company and he has been here ever since. After the war, RCA Victor, like many other Canadian companies, found itself with expanded facilities and a skilled staff in a new and expanding nation. Then it was that Mr. Deakins began applying to the company the same kind of vision that had resulted in the phenomenal development of RCA under General Sarnoff in the United States.

Mr. Deakins anticipated the coming of television to Canada and prepared the plans for a new radio and television manufacturing plant in Prescott, Ontario. The surprising growth in sales of records, stimulated by radio, led him to plan and build a new records plant at Smiths Falls. He built a chain of modern service, sales and distribution buildings from Halifax to Vancouver. He directed the opening of a television tube manufacturing department in Montreal and has inaugurated another electronics plant at Renfrew, in the Ottawa Valley.

He looks at the future electronically, with the eye of an engineer who is no longer surprised by engineering miracles. Many of the things Mr. Deakins thinks and talks about are unlikely, he admits, to become facts during his lifetime. In the laboratories now, he says, are miraculous products which will be manufactured at Montreal or Prescott, or at some factory still unplanned, in 10, 15 or even 20 years.

Where, he asks, will such things as the laboratory development of synthetic music lead? RCA scientists have isolated individual piano notes and the notes of other musical instruments, broken them down into thousands of parts, punched them on cards and then fed them back to electronic computers to produce completely synthetic symphonies.

The world's greatest musicians are unable to tell the real from the synthetic; only engineers who may have no ear for music at all can detect the difference. A thousand-piece symphony, too large for any hall or studio, may be recorded in this way in future.

The whole exciting world of transistors is just at its beginnings, Mr. Deakins says, as he toys with a pocket radio no larger than a man's watch and wonders when television will be as compact.

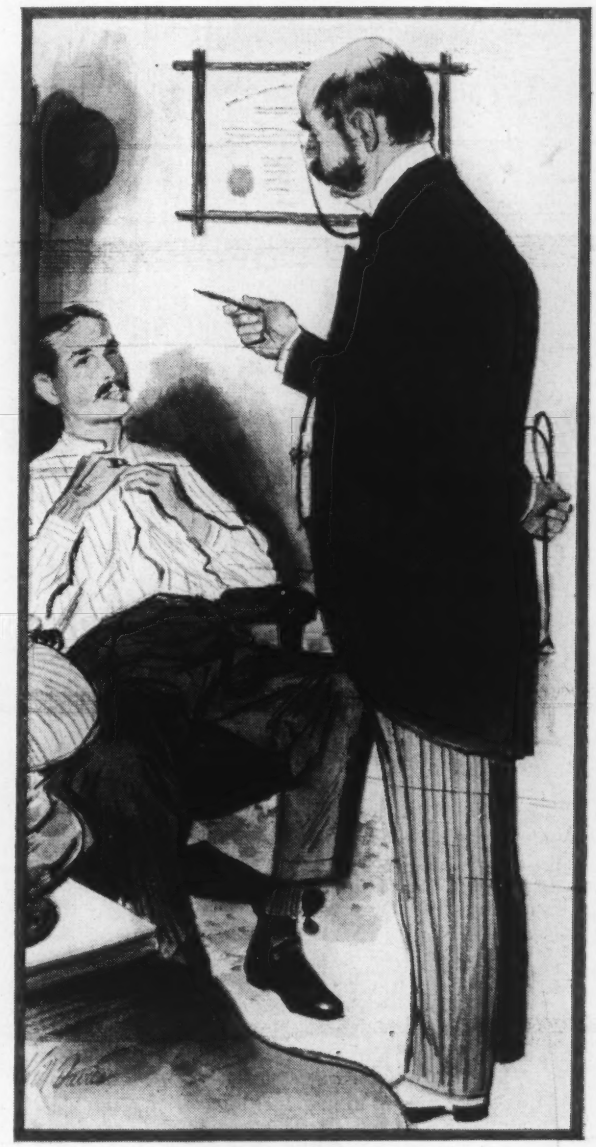
RCA Victor, under his direction has become the largest single manufacturer of radio and TV sets and gramophone records in Canada and is at the same time one of the leading companies in supplying electronic engineering products to government, industry and the Canadian armed services.

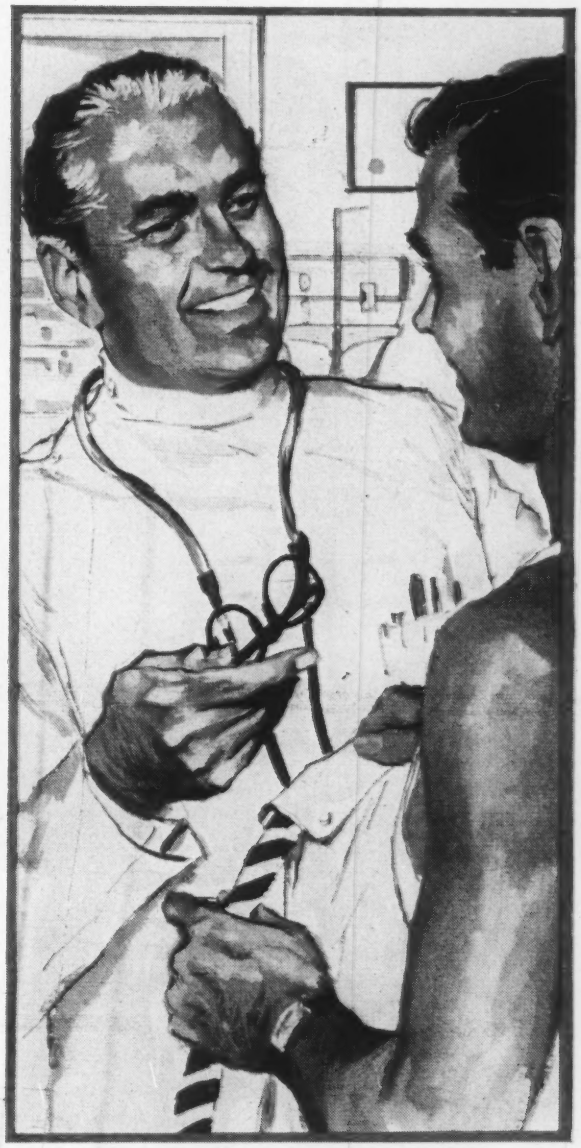
He is a director of the North American Chair Co. at Owen Sound, which makes cabinets for RCA Victor, and of the Radio Manufacturers Association, of which he is a past president.

He and his wife live in Montreal, when he is not visiting one of the company offices or plants, or travelling to distant parts on business. He also finds time to go fishing in the Laurentians and to play golf.

His oldest son, James, is a surgeon in Philadelphia; his daughter, Janet, is in public relations in New York, and a second son, Douglas, is with RCA in Washington. They and their children will live to see many of their father's engineering visions come true in the electronics world of tomorrow.

How times have changed—for the better!





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Mrs. W. Gordon Egbert of Calgary is one of the west's finest pianists and teachers.

Distinguished Citizen

by Eva Reid

MRS. W. GORDON EGBERT has grown up with Calgary. This year, the Golden Jubilee of Alberta, she was honored by being named a "distinguished citizen" of the city at the birthday party celebration for the province. But bringing distinction to herself and honor to her city and province is no new thing for Gladys McKelvie Egbert. She has been doing both since her childhood.

Mrs. Egbert, the wife of a judge of the Supreme Court of Alberta, is a fine pianist and one of the west's outstanding music teachers. The citation honoring her records this when it speaks of her "outstanding contribution to culture and art," and says she is "one who has promoted high standards in music . . . ".

When she was twelve, she won a scholarship, or "certificate of merit", as it was called in those days, which entitled her to three years' tuition at the Royal Academy of the Royal College of Music in London. It was the first time a Canadian had won this award and she was the youngest student to hold the scholarship. In fact, her father felt she was too young to be such a long distance from home and when she was fifteen, instead of sending her back to England for another term, he sent her to New York. Here she studied with Richard Epsteine and Ernest Hutcheson. Even after her marriage in 1924 she continued to study with Mr. Hutcheson and returned to him regularly for lessons until his death.

In London she had been soloist with the Royal Academy Orchestra under Sir Alexander Mackenzie. On her return to Canada she gave a number of concerts in Toronto with the late Boris Hambourg, cellist and original member of the Hart House String Quartet. While she might have had a brilliant concert career, Gladys McKelvie preferred to come back to Calgary and set up her own studio. After her marriage she continued to teach and has successfully combined a career with homemaking.

The Egberts have two children: Wendy Catherine, who has been at finishing school in London, England and who was presented to the Queen this year; and a son, William, who is practising law. Since

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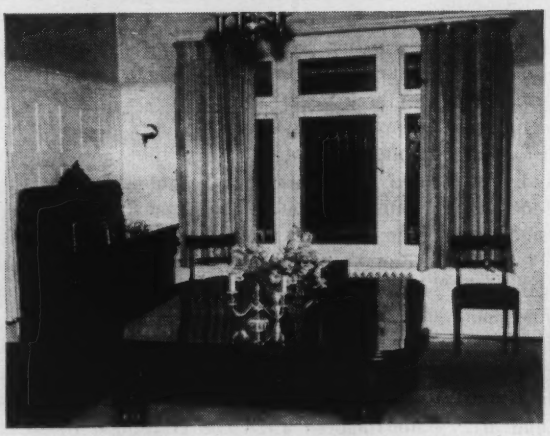
the arrival of her first grandchild, Sherri Elizabeth, Mrs. Egbert has had less interest in her former pastimes of golf and skating. "The baby is my hobby now," she says.

As the wife of a trial division judge, she and her husband often entertain members of the judiciary in their beautiful home on Elbow Drive, in Calgary's oldest residential section. Visiting musicians, too, have always found warm hospitality at the Egberts'. The house is a comfortable family dwelling, its furnishings conservative rather than modern. Mrs. Egbert's piano is at the end of the living-room where a wide window looks out on their garden. Her studio in the basement has two more pianos.

In spite of her heavy schedule of teaching, she also examines students for the Western Board of Music at Edmonton, and for the Universities of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Last year she judged the Bach Festival at Banff. She has seen the music festivals of the west grow to their present importance. In fact, she considers that the festivals provide the yardstick with which to measure the progress in music of the community as well as the performers. "In the early days," she says, "one might expect three good piano performers in a class of 20. Today the reverse is true; there would probably not be three poor performances in the same class." The quality of the music is better, too, she thinks, because the public, as well as the musician, has developed standards of musical appreciation.

In 1938 Mrs. Egbert was made a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, an honor of which she is particularly proud. It is awarded to former pupils of the Academy who have distinguished themselves in their profession. Mrs. Egbert is one of two westerners to hold the coveted degree.

Watching Calgary grow up and having a share in its musical development has been for Mrs. Egbert, in her own phrase, "Such fun!"



Mrs. Egbert poses in her living-room and joins a family group with her mother, Mrs. Neil McKelvie, her son William, and her grand-daughter Sherri Elizabeth.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

WORD came via the mid-June issue of the magazine *Chess* of the death last January, of J. van Dijk of De Rier, Holland. This Frank farmer, born on Feb. 17, 1866, was the dean of the great composers. The majority of his output of over 3,000 problems are two-movers and three-movers exhibiting fine strategy and economy.

Few of van Dijk's problems have appeared in English publications, but the two-mover b e l o w definitely went the rounds. It won first prize in the *Literary Digest* 1903 tourney, one of the first Dutch successes, and it had a very stimulating effect.

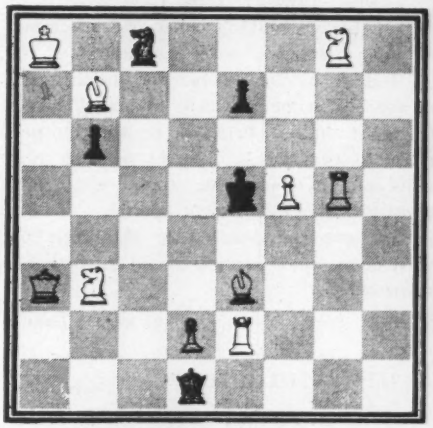
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 126.

1.K-R2, B-B7; 2.Q-K1, etc. 1.K-R2, B-K7; 2.Q-Q2, etc. 1.K-R2, B-Kt6 or B6; 2.QxP(3), etc. 1.K-R2, BxP; 2.BxB, etc.

This is a subtle key to a fine strategem. It clears the diagonal for the mates on KKt3.

PROBLEM No. 127, by J. van Dijk.

Black—Five Pieces.



White—Ten Pieces.

White mates in two.

Weighty Matters

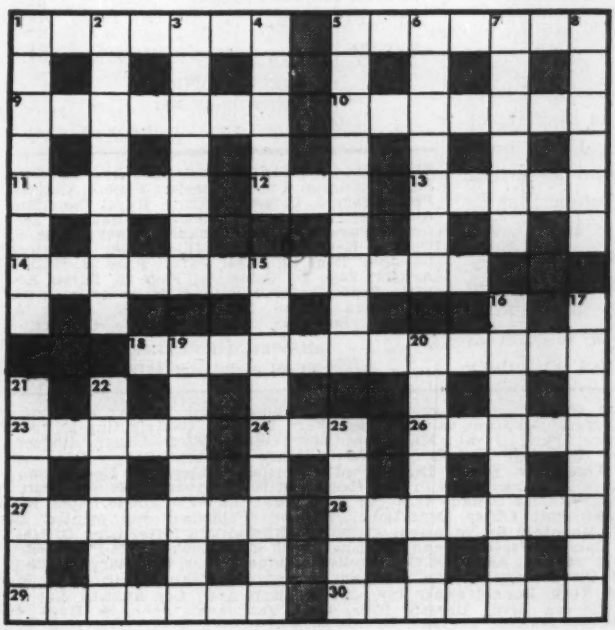
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

Across

1, 5. How a diet of flapjacks might leave you, though you may start getting fat about fifty (4,2,1,7)
9. Apologies bring pardons, it seems. (7)
10. Harem-scarems? (7)
11. What could be worse! (5)
12. The return of X? (3)
13. Leslie lost his head over her? (5)
14. Methods used in constructing byways and mean streets. (4,3,5)
18. Steeplejacks, no doubt, consider all steeples are, even without a blueprint. (5,2,5)
23. Nothing friends have can equal these. (5)
24. Reporter assigned to the zoo? (3)
26. He made a witty remark about an English pound in "The Old Curiosity Shop". (5)
27. Ted's out getting a screen. (7)
28. Should it be me or I or put differently? (7)
29, 30. Like brewers' corporations? (5,2,1,6)

Down

1. Worry over cutting teeth? (8)
2. Roguish manners by which some people gain entry. (8)
3. Country that made Australia with the backing of the French. (7)
4. "The Crime in the Parsonage". (Burns) (5)
5. Is it really fair to test tripe? (9)
6. Is it material that Nan has a dislocated knee? (7)
7. The price will go on the account for this address. (6)
8. Friday was never bad at this time. (6)
15. So tasty when sliced, oui? (9)
16. The untruthful person seems to finish well-known. (8)
17. "His sceptre shows the force of . . . . power". (Merchant of Venice) (8)
19. It may not be valid, but you'd never hear the end of a pun without it. (7)
20. O a question has not gone astray in the redwoods. (7)
21. The Royal Mail and its insignia is so stuck up! (6)
22. Where to take the sun as a change from colder climates. (6)
25. Virtuous Siberian? (5)



SOLUTION TO LAST PUZZLE

Across

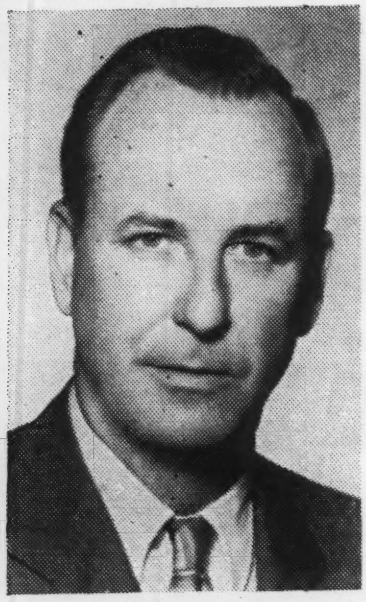
1. Lips
3. Reade
6. See 24
11. Racketeer
12. Creon
13. Eases
14. Incubator
15. Stoppage
17. Candid
19. Reefer
21. Hard Cash
25. Press gang
26. Clear
27. Actor
28. Inoculate
29. See 24
30. Agnes
31. See 16

Down

1. Largess
2. Picasso
4. Evenings
5. Direct
7. Ejected
8. Tancred
9. Sees
10. Scabbard
16, 31. Pleasure bent
18. Mangrove
19. Replace
20. Exerted
22. Acetate
23. Harvest
24, 29, 6. Making ends meet
26. Clue

(376)

ROYAL BANK APPOINTMENT



H. M. Grindell

The Royal Bank of Canada announces the appointment of H. M. Grindell as Supervisor of Branches in the Dominican Republic, Haiti and Puerto Rico. This is a newly created post and the appointment serves to emphasize the increasing importance of the bank's business in these countries where it has operated for many years. Mr. Grindell's headquarters will be in Ciudad Trujillo, D.R. G. R. Conrad, formerly Resident Inspector at Ciudad Trujillo, D.R., becomes Manager of the bank's San Juan, Puerto Rico Branch, and P. H. Eaton, formerly Manager of the Havana, Vedado, 23rd & P. Branch, succeeds Mr. Grindell as Manager of the bank's Havana Branch. *

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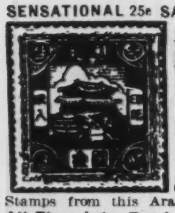

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Letters

Calvinism

. . . (Prof. Lower) seems to indulge in a bit of fuzzy thinking when he attempts to link Calvinism with the slaughter of the Indians by the Puritan and the attitude of the Afrikaaner towards the black. The Calvinist indeed believes in the eternal purposes of God . . . (but) he does not consider any racial or social group as constituting God's elect people. If injustice and slaughter were the fruit of Calvinism, our histories would have to be rewritten.

COBDEN, ONT. R. KEITH EARLS

British Building

. . . You give a false impression of building in Great Britain by only quoting the "New Towns". This type of construction is under strict government authority and the people *selected* to live in them form only a tiny proportion of the population. As the houses are often highly subsidized, the demand so greatly exceeds the supply in some cases that many people on the lower rungs of the waiting lists are told there is "no hope" of ever getting a place.

LONDON, ENGLAND B. P. BROWN

Sacred Cows

. . . As a paedologist of fifty years' experience with boys of all ages and many nationalities I heartily agree with Mr. Valentine's views (in "Sacred Cows in Our Classrooms") . . . In my opinion real education is the drawing out (educo) and guiding the individual's innate potentialities and not its antithesis of trying to drive in (in-duco) facts and figures in which the pupil has not the slightest interest . . .

NORTH VANCOUVER, BC FREDERICK H. BATES

Gravity of Sport

I have been many years in sport, and have tried my best to promote the interests of sport in all its ramifications. I fail, however, to appreciate what good an article such as appeared in your October 1st issue, "Sports—for the Hall of Fame", can possibly do for Sport or for your paper.

I always try to find some good in what other people do and try to give them credit, but such a display of sarcasm as appears in this article does not do a thing to our cause, but casts a serious reflection on Sport in general . . .

MONTREAL (LT. COL.) GEO. A. MACHUM

Editor's note: Col. Machum apparently finds it difficult to distinguish between sarcasm and humor. And Canadian sport could do with more laughter and less idol-worship.

Old Policy

Russia handing back Finland its naval base at Porkkala in order to inveigle the USA into depleting its own strategic footholds of the likeness, can only conjure up to one's mind the few wise lines by François Rochefoucauld: "What seems to be generosity is often no more than disguised ambition, which overlooks a small interest in order to secure a great one." A policy not new to the USSR.

TERRACE BAY, ONT. LESLIE G. BOUGIE

Bryan's Position

In Mr. Stevenson's interesting "Ottawa Letter" (October 1) allusion is made to William Jennings Bryan as U.S. Secretary of State in 1917 and "a confirmed pacifist". Actually, Bryan resigned as Secretary of State in 1915 rather than approve the strong tone of Wilson's second Lusitania note. Although Bryan favored neutrality, he was not a "non-resisting" pacifist . . .

WINDSOR, ONT. MYRON TRIPP

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SATURDAY NIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1887

VOL. 70, NO. 43 WHOLE NO. 3247

PICTURE CREDITS: Page 1, © Gaby, Wheeler; Page 3, Capital Press, Wheeler; Page 4, Capital Press; Page 5, Canadian Army, Royal Canadian Air Force; Page 7, Department of National Defence; Page 8, Royal Canadian Navy; Page 9, Ontario Hydro; Page 11, Miller; Page 15, International; Page 20, Roger Parry; Page 24, United Artists; Page 25, Columbia; Page 26, Elliott Erwitt; Page 27, McClelland & Stewart; Page 29, Associated Screen News; Page 32, Ashley & Crippen; Pages 35, 36, Fitch Studio, Calgary.

ANSWER TO PUZZLER

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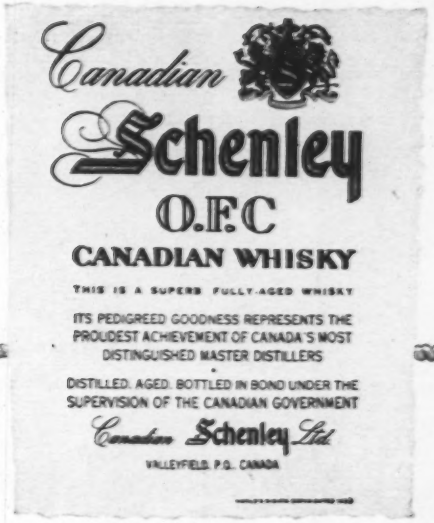
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